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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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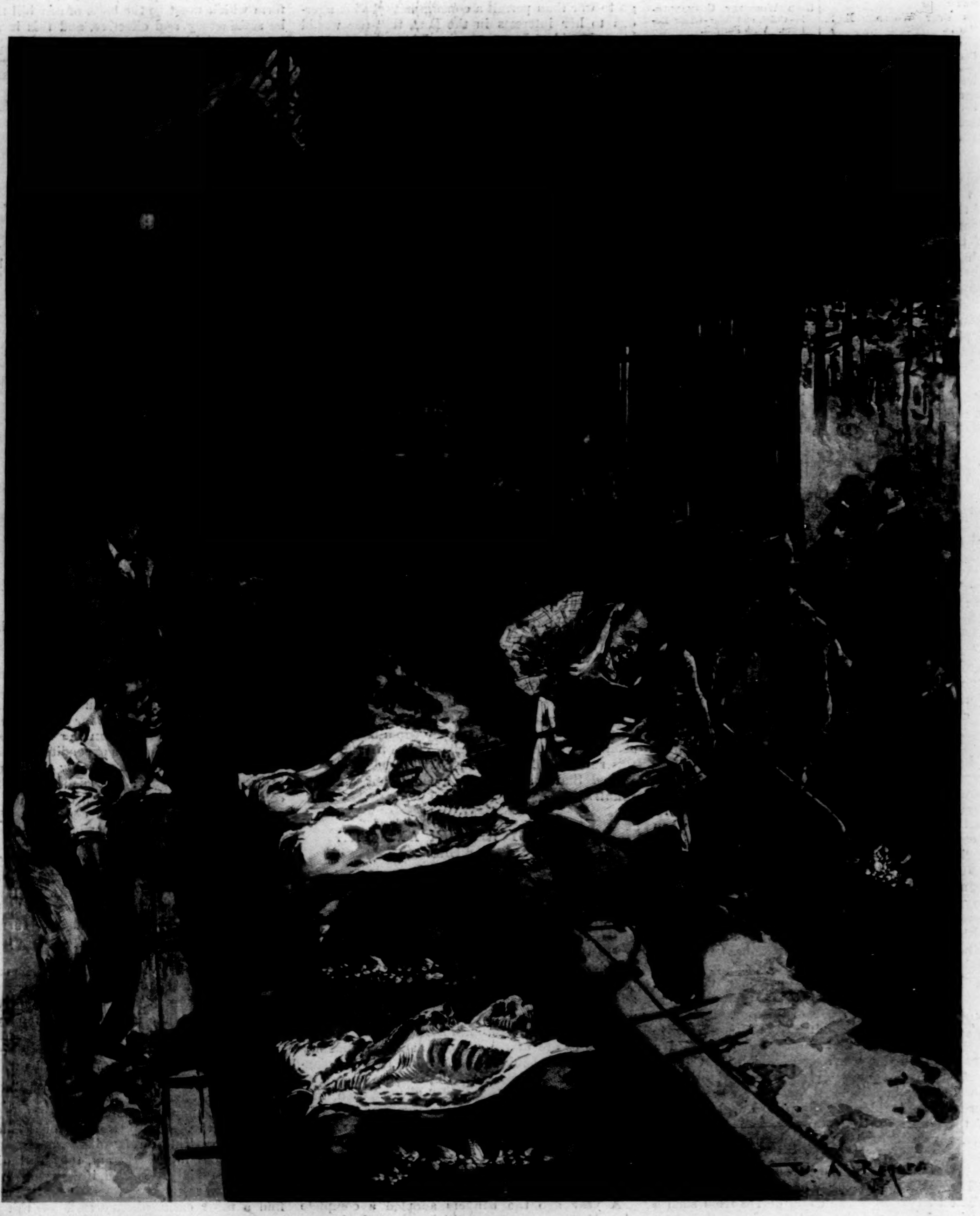

TURNING THE MEAT—A GEORGIA BARBECUE AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1072.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

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THE CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST.

NOTHING could have surpassed in cool impudence the attitude of Russia when, at the close of the war between Japan and China, she stepped upon the scene and substantially claimed the fruits of the Japanese victory for herself. For that is what to all intents and purposes Russian diplomatic interference amounted to. Russia opposed her peremptory veto to any territorial acquisition Japan might desire on the Asiatic continent. She demanded that Japan should surrender all her continental conquests for an indemnity in money, and, assuming the character of a paternal protector to defeated China, she guaranteed the payment of that indemnity. In these pretensions she was supported by her sentimental ally, France, and, for a time at least, by Germany, who, anxious to prevent too close a friendship between Russia and France, wished to do Russia a good turn. Against so formidable a combination of powers, Japan, victorious but exhausted from the Chinese war, found herself helpless, and yielded. Great Britain, at that important period strangely blind to her own interests in that part of the world, supinely permitted Russia to win such a tremendous advantage of position.

What Russia was aiming at no clear-headed observer of current events could doubt. She wanted in the first place an ice-free harbor on the eastern coast of Asia for her trans-Siberian railway; and as such a harbor was not to be found in her own possessions, she sought to obtain one at the time belonging to Corea or to China, together with so much adjacent territory as she might find it convenient to have—that is to say, as much as by hook or crook she could grasp. To this end Japan must be got out of the way as an uncomfortable neighbor, and China must be kept firmly in the grip of a dominating Russian influence. In the preparatory proceedings Russia has been to a great extent successful, and seems now to be planning a further advance toward the accomplishment of its real object. It was not surprising, therefore, when recently we heard of Russia stretching out its protecting hand over Corea, demanding that Japanese influence shall withdraw altogether from the Corean Kingdom, that Corea shall not be subject to any foreign influence whatsoever, and that, if necessary, Russia herself will occupy that country with her forces to maintain its entire independence. What kind of independence that would be is easily understood. When the Russian bear protects the independence of a country in such a way, that country is in great danger of soon finding itself, to use a popular figure, inside of the bear.

The recent rumor coming from Hong-Kong to the London *Times* that Russia had concluded a treaty with China by virtue of which the Chinese port of Port Arthur should become substantially a Russian naval station, and the Russians should be permitted to build, and of course control, a branch of their trans-Siberian railway through Chinese territory down to that point, found wide belief for the very simple reason that Russia, when she so cunningly labored to bring China under her ruling influence, must, logically, have had in view the greatest advantages she could derive from such a stroke of policy, and that the command of Port Arthur as a terminus of her great transcontinental railway, with the power over China incidental to that arrangement, was just the kind of thing she would like to have. The conclusion was therefore natural that she would covet it, and that the rumor of a bold attempt on her part to obtain it had many elements of probability in its favor. That rumor is indeed contradicted, but something similar is most likely to happen as soon as Russia dares. Neither is the opinion expressed in the English press that the rumored arrangement would practically make China a mere province of the Russian Empire much exaggerated. Russia would, indeed, in occupying so strong a position, seek completely to overawe the Chinese government and people to the exclusion of all other influences, and to monopolize for her own benefit all the commercial as well as military advantages accruing to the dominant power.

The only consideration which would deter Russia from venturing upon so undisguised a stroke of aggrandizement would be the uncertainty as to what the other great powers of the world might do to thwart her. This is a question of diplomatic combinations. That Great Britain would rather go to war than permit a consummation so dangerous to her interests in the East, that she would have the aid of Japan, now an important factor in the affairs of the world, and that the British and the Japanese war fleets would be far more than a match for the Russian navy in those waters, may be looked upon as certain. On the other hand, Russia no doubt would count upon France as a certain ally, and the participation of France in the war would create for Great Britain an exceedingly hazardous diversion. To keep France in check Germany would be looked to, and the prospective attitude of Germany is doubtful. It is the traditional policy of the Prussian government to cultivate amicable relations with Russia, and it is well known that the present Emperor of Germany follows in this respect the example of his predecessors. But although the kingdom of Prussia is the preponderant state in the German confederation, it does not follow that Prussian traditions will always absolutely control the foreign policy of the German Empire. The commercial interests of Germany in the far East, which are very great, and which would be most seriously threatened by Russian encroachments, would certainly demand consideration. Besides, Russia is cordially hated by the German people, and even in the army, whose pride has now and then been severely offended by the taunts of Russian officers, there is a strong current of anti-Russian feeling. These influences might finally succeed in turning Germany against the Franco-Russian combination, and oppose to it a vastly superior array of forces.

There was a touch of the comical in the wooing tenderness of the tone in which, in view of the war-cloud looming up in the East, the English press suddenly spoke of the United States as a natural ally. While it is by no means probable that this republic would abandon its time-honored policy of avoiding all entangling alliances, it may indeed be regarded as reasonably certain that the intelligent sympathies of the American people would, in case of such a war, be on the side of England and her allies, who stand for the greater freedom of commerce, which is at the same time the cause of the higher civilization and of our own commercial interest. Wherever Russian influence predominates, there arbitrary restraint and exclusion are the rule, and this rule would tell against the commerce of the United States as well as against that of other countries.

CURRENCY REFORM AND THE BANKERS.

THE twenty-first annual convention of the American Bankers' Association, recently held at Atlanta, was successful and encouraging. Its success lay in the evidence furnished by the attendance of the continued interest manifested by the bankers of the country in the annual meeting of the association, and the encouragement afforded by it comes from the hopeful tone of the speakers and from the manifestation of a certain reserve in dealing with the currency question. There was a grateful expression of profound faith in the immediate future of the country, and it is evidently the opinion of bankers of all shades and complexions of political opinion, if the convention was as representative as it is supposed to have been, that the present prosperity of the country is likely to be permanent if—and here is the one note of doubt that is heard from the bankers—if the currency question can be wisely settled, or, we may add, if it is put in a fair way of wise settlement at the coming session of Congress.

A year ago the bankers adopted a complete plan of currency reform, which came to be known as the Baltimore plan. This year they did not seem inclined to adopt such a plan. Last year Congress found itself unable to agree to the Baltimore plan, and the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives was unable to formulate a scheme on its own account that could have commanded the votes of a majority of the Representatives. Perhaps the presentation of a complete measure by the bankers increased the difficulty of the task of those who tried to unite the law-makers in support of some measure; in other words, it stimulated the discords that already existed. It is always to be borne in mind in suggesting legislation to Congress that that body, especially the House of Representatives, is very jealous of its prerogatives, and that many of its members are not inclined to take the advice of bankers. This fact may indicate a lack of wisdom, or even a narrow-minded prejudice on the part of our legislators, but it is nevertheless a fact that must be recognized and accepted by those who would have influence in the making of laws.

The bankers have declared themselves in favor of certain general principles of bank-currency reform which must be the basis of any bill that will be satisfactory and effective, and this is all that any unofficial body ought to attempt. These principles were embodied in the Baltimore plan, and were succinctly stated by ex-Governor MERRIAM of Minnesota in the address that he delivered before the Atlanta Convention. Governor MERRIAM said that "the conditions absolutely essential to the furtherance of any proposal for the issuance of paper money are: 1. It must be safe and properly secured. 2. It must be redeemable in gold or its equivalent, either at the place of issuance or at the great financial centres of the country. 3. It should circulate at par in all parts of the United States. 4. It should be sufficiently elastic in its character to accommodate itself to the varying conditions of trade, going forth from the business centres during the active movements, when the products of the soil are being transported from their sources of supply to the markets of the world, and returning in a natural way, and retiring when its duties have been fulfilled." Our government paper and the national bank notes possess most of these characteristics, but no intelligent financier desires the government to remain in the banking business or to keep afloat its present paper circulation, while none of the paper currency now in use in this country possesses the essential element of elasticity.

Mr. MERRIAM speaks undoubtedly with the approval of a large majority of the bankers of the country when he asserts that these four characteristics are essential to a sound and useful paper currency. He has in view the bank-notes that are to succeed our various present forms of currency, for the first general proposition of sound reform is that the greenbacks and the Treasury notes shall be retired, and a bank currency to be devised will take their place. This bank currency must possess the characteristics already enumerated. There may be a politician here and there who is still impressed with the belief that the greenback is "blood-stained," and that it is as worthy of patriotic veneration as the soldier who did the fighting, but most of the people of this country realize that it has been an expensive currency for the people and for the government; that, when the revenues of the Treasury are less than its expenditures, the greenbacks furnish the means whereby the government is deprived of its gold; that such a state of things connects the government with the money market, and makes it more or less dependent upon the price of exchange and somewhat upon the course of speculation. The idea that the government would ever be called upon to protect what is really a banker's reserve never entered the heads of those whom we are fond of calling the fathers. If they had imagined that such a duty was ever to be imposed upon the executive, they would have furnished it with the power that a banker possesses to protect himself.

Provision should be made for retiring the dangerous and extravagant forms of paper currency. As Mr. CARLISLE has shown, the country would have saved an enormous sum of money if the greenbacks had been funded in 1879. They could now be funded probably at three per cent., but they and the Treasury notes cannot be withdrawn from circulation until some other form of paper currency is devised to take their place. What kind of currency this shall be is a subject for Congress to settle. The present national bank notes will not do. They are fast disappearing, and when the revenues increase again, they will disappear still more rapidly. Indeed, if they were to furnish the only paper currency for the country, we should find a most extraordinary state of things—the country's currency diminishing as its business and population increased, or at least a currency that did not keep pace with the growth of business and population. The devising of a banking system that

will provide the country with currency as it needs it is therefore the task that will be before Congress at its coming session.

There is sufficient ability and knowledge of affairs in both Houses of Congress to solve this problem if the members and Senators set themselves honestly and earnestly to the task. But the Senate will do nothing if it allows the Populists and the silver men to control its committees, and the House will do nothing if the Speaker does not appoint a Banking and Currency Committee of energetic and determined men who will not permit the politics of a Presidential year to interfere with the accomplishment of a reform in which the continuance of the country's prosperity is so deeply involved. It is the fact that this country is burdened with a currency system that is a disgrace to its statesmen, and that is a constant source of danger to its business interests, and of annoyance and peril to its Treasury. It is also the fact that the reform of this bad system must be wrought out on the general lines that we have indicated, and the responsibility for accomplishing such a reform lies with the party that controls the present House of Representatives, and that may control the Senate if it will accept an alliance with the sound-money Democrats of that body.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA REVOLUTION.

IT has been suggested by a correspondent writing to the WEEKLY from South Carolina that it is not the intention of the Tillmanites to submit to the people the Constitution now being prepared by the convention. What that Constitution is likely to be, and what damage to the State is likely to result from it, have already been explained in these columns. Every citizen of the republic ought to feel an intense and indignant interest in the work of evil that is being wrought in South Carolina. Already the United States Senate has been affected by the supremacy of the Tillmanites. IRBY and TILLMAN are members of that chamber, and so long as the party that is now framing a State Constitution remains in power South Carolina will make no contribution whatever to Federal legislation, unless the majority of the members of the two Houses of Congress shall sink to the level of the men who are now trying to disfranchise the blacks by knavish indirection.

We can have no quarrel with an honest attempt to uplift the suffrage. To whatever laws that are just in themselves and are justly administered, and that are calculated to eliminate the ignorant and the depraved vote, we say God-speed. But the Tillmanites are not desirous of putting an end to ignorant voting. If they should make the suffrage of South Carolina intelligent, they would thereby sign their political death-warrants. When the educated voters rule South Carolina, TILLMAN will cease to be a power. He and his kind are anxious to disfranchise the ignorant blacks without disfranchising the ignorant whites. If they have their way it will not be the law which will determine who may or who may not vote, but it will be a Tillmanite election officer who will say whether or not the person seeking to vote possesses an intelligent comprehension of the Constitution. The convention, in other words, intends to establish the rule of an oligarchy composed of the worst elements of the State, and in order to accomplish that object Tillmanites are to say who of the ignorant shall and who of them shall not vote.

The letter which we have received from South Carolina comments on a statement made by the WEEKLY as to the result that is likely when the Constitution shall be presented to the people for ratification. There are some precedents in South Carolina sustaining the right of the convention to adopt a Constitution, and to make it the fundamental law of the State without first submitting it to the people. The secession Constitution was adopted by a convention, and was not submitted to the people, and the same is true of the Constitution adopted under the reconstruction government in 1865. These are evil precedents. But the Constitution now in force in South Carolina was framed in 1868 by a convention, and was afterwards adopted by the people. The provision of this Constitution for its own amendment is nearly the same as that of the New York Constitution which was in force immediately preceding that which was adopted last fall. It is an open secret that some of the lawyers of the convention that framed our present fundamental law believed that it was a question whether or not the convention had the power to adopt the Constitution finally, but no one dreamed of exercising such a power. In New York, and in nearly all communities where written Constitutions are at the foundation of government, the tradition that the Constitution is the law made by the people is so fully respected that no prudent public man would think of violating it, and it is quite probable that the courts would intervene to prevent the overthrow of the tradition, and would hold that the spirit of the Constitution is that it must be adopted by the people; for the provision, both in South Carolina and New York, which authorizes the calling of a convention simply neglects to order the submission of the result of its work to the popular vote. In the same section provision is made for amendment by the Legislature, and amendments so made must be submitted to the people. Why should not the rule be the same in both instances? Whatever the courts may hold, however, or whatever power the convention may really possess by reason of the obscurity of this section, it is contrary to the spirit of American institutions, and hostile to the true theory of republican government under a written Constitution, that the fundamental law shall be enacted by a representative body. In proposing that the convention shall finally adopt whatever Constitution they may prepare, the Tillmanites are not only threatening to intrench their hold on the State against any possible future assault by the people, but they are threatening to usurp the power of the people to ordain their own government. This outrage is one which has been perpetrated before in South Carolina, but it is none the less an outrage to which an American commonwealth ought not to be compelled to submit.

THE CASE OF J. SERGEANT CRAM.

THE disclosures of Tammany rule in New York made by the LEXOW investigation and by the transfer of power to a reform administration have furnished the country a complete and startling revelation of municipal misgovernment at its worst. Of these revelations the most startling seems to have been reserved for the last. It was furnished by the testimony of ex-Dock-Commissioner J. SERGEANT CRAM before the Commissioners of Accounts, and by the stenographic notes of the meetings over which he presided as President of the Board.

The exceptional nature of the revelations in this case arises from the fact that CRAM was personally the antithesis to everything we expect in a tool of Tammany. Without exception, all the other sharers in the carnival of misrule and plunder belonged to the very dregs of society. CROKER fought his way into politics with his fists; SCANNELL, with his revolver; SHEEHAN was introduced to New York as a defaulter; the origin of the "Paddy" DIVVER statesmen and of the "Dry-Dollar" and "Silver-Dollar" saloon-keeping law-makers is sufficiently indicated by their familiar appellations; the indicted appointees of Mayor GRANT were stupid, ignorant, thick-headed specimens of the "bummer" or the "tough."

But J. SERGEANT CRAM was a gentleman. By birth, by education, accomplishments, and social position he had every right to call himself by that name. He bore an honored name, he was a college graduate, he was "in society," his associations were aristocratic—he was a clubman, a traveller, a distinguished personage. He had every advantage that fortune can bestow, and he knew it.

Tammany knew it too, and profited by it. It used the advantage for all that it was worth. The lustre of the name of CRAM whitened the whole sepulchre of Tammany rottenness. When the suppressed report of President BARKER on the Dock Department was hinted at, censure was disarmed by the appeal to CRAM. All the indicted and unindicted usufructuaries of the plunder of the great metropolis clothed themselves with the radiance diffused from the one official who was manifestly outside of the circle of temptation, and even borrowed for stage purposes the halo which surrounded his august head.

These are the circumstances which make it remarkable that Mr. CRAM should have done the degrading work of Tammany as readily as if his daily subsistence depended on the spoils. At the order of a CROKER or a SCANNELL he overruled the protest of the engineer to put on the payroll of the city the vilest creatures that Tammany could use for its vile purposes. His high and honorable office was placed under their control with a servility not exceeded in any other department of the city government.

It is a familiar adage that "extremes meet": they have rarely met on such equal terms as in this remarkable illustration of the potency of evil influences in politics. The bacillus of corruption seems to be inherent in any attempt to place a business department of government under political control, and no condition of life is an exemption from its contagion to any one who exposes himself to it.

MOUTHING JINGOISM.

THERE is nothing that more effectively promotes righteousness than a timely outburst of exaggerated and grotesque sin. Such an outburst will arouse a shiftless community more quickly than a hundred sensible sermons directed to the general proposition that to be bad is wrong, and to be good is right. The lazy-minded who may have been drifting slowly towards piracy, for example, are likely to be thoroughly aroused to the horror of their position and the imminent peril of their souls by the news of a shocking murder on the high-seas.

This country has been speeding along with a jingo wind, until foreigners have begun to hail us and ask our destination. It will probably seem strange to sober-minded American citizens who take the jingoes at their worth, and understand that loud words do not mean fight any more than fine words butter parsnips, that a good many foreigners are taking our jingoes seriously. They are asking if we really mean to recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and whether we really mean to go to war with Great Britain if she insists on what she claims to be the boundary rights of British Guiana. There has been a good deal of noise in the country of late of which no sensible American can be proud. This country does not long to fight Great Britain or any other power. Not only has it no cause for a war with her, but there is absolutely nothing in the world's current history that indicates that we are likely to have a cause of war with her. It is true that her colonies on this continent are often uncomfortable neighbors, and that the imperial government does not treat us well when it sustains the offensive acts of the irresponsible colonies, but no cause of war has been given and none is likely to be.

Nervous foreigners who are inclined to expect the United States to burst into the arena of war, or if there is no such arena in active operation to make one for herself, may rest assured that the war spirit lies rather in the mouths than in the hearts of those who do the shouting, and is not present at all in the minds or hearts of a very large majority of American citizens. Nay, we will go further and say that the jingoes themselves are not really for war. They are for votes and for increased appropriations for the navy, and their noise is entirely for home consumption. We have in mind the late Mr. BLAINE, who was the founder of the modern jingo sect, whose humble follower and far-off worshipper HENRY CABOT LODGE became after he was convinced by Mr. BLAINE'S success that personal character is not much of an issue in politics. Mr. BLAINE was very spirited when he was a candidate and a campaigner, and those who mistook him for a statesman used to say that he wore a plume, and that he was a "knight." But when the "knight" had the responsibility of executive office thrust upon him, the plume turned out to be a white feather. Mr. BLAINE was the gentlest dove of the GARFIELD and HARRISON cabinets, and nothing caused him so much trepidation as a suggestion that strong and violent language should be used toward a foreign power that possessed more than one iron-clad or that was not at the feet of a conquering foe. Most of the other jingoes are like Mr. BLAINE, although some hot young heads are in possession of good men who, in turn, possess stout hearts. But, as a rule, even the jingoes do not want war.

It seems necessary to say this, because Congress is about to meet, and some of the loudest shouters for war are among the leaders of the majority party in the House of Representatives. These men know that they can be as insolent as they please in their speeches and interviews and magazine articles, because Mr. CLEVELAND is President, and is not likely to lose his head or to become an oratorical warrior, which amounts to very much the same thing. These politicians may take advantage of the fact that their talk will come to nothing, and may fill the echoes with fighting words. But the words will not mean that the American people want to go to war with any nation until they have much better cause than they have now. Nor will it mean that they are looking for a cause, nor that they hope that some day a cause will be furnished to them by the encroachments of Great Britain on our rights.

Perhaps the outburst of WILLIAM E. CHANDLER is the severest blow that has been recently dealt to jingoism. CHANDLER is so absurdly loud and so bloody and wholesale in his threats that his warlike predictions may open the eyes of our fellow-citizens who have been tolerating the jingoes to the folly of further countenancing them, even if their suppression does put an end to some gayety. Besides, while CHANDLER'S idea that the republic's natural ally is semi-barbarous Russia, and her natural foe Great Britain, may be general among jingoes, there must be few among them who would like to confess it. Considering the injury that CHANDLER has done to their game, the jingoes have been singularly kind to him, since his declaration of war, by their studied and polite silence.

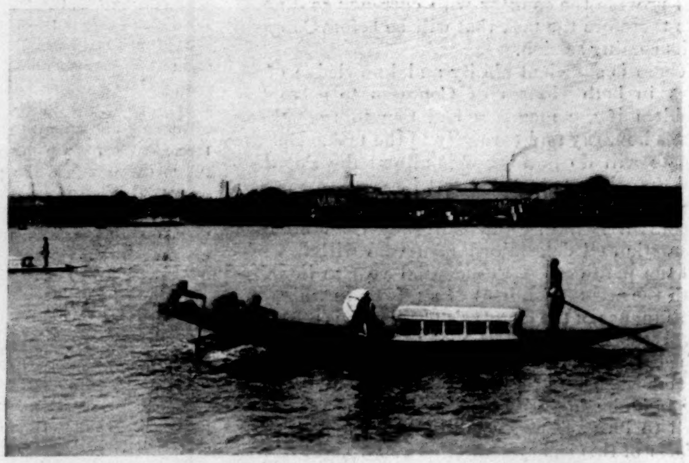
CHICAGO UNIVERSITY AND POPULISM.

THE faculty of Chicago University, with commendable reticence, decline to discuss the question of the reasons for their action in the case of Professor BEMIS. The mere fact that the teaching or conduct of a professor is detrimental to the permanent interests of the college he is connected with would justify the authorities in insisting on his resignation. It ought not to be necessary for them to insist, for no man who is fit to teach in a college would desire to remain there when his presence was considered as injurious by those responsible for the welfare of the institution.

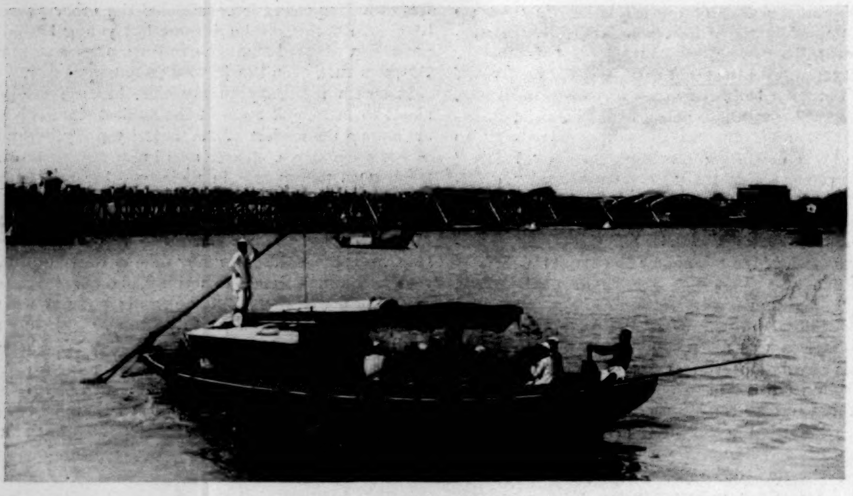
These considerations apply to the case of Professor BEMIS; they apply still more strongly to the case of Dr. ISAAC HOURWICH, who, after graduating at Columbia College, was called to Chicago University as an instructor in political economy. According to the report of his remarks at a meeting of the Social Reform Club in New York, he, on going to Chicago, avowed himself a Socialist, an infidel, and a sympathizer with the People's party. But after he had gone as a delegate to a Populist convention, had spoken on socialism, and had gone out to gather statistics from the idle men who hung around the City Hall, the management of the university decided that he could not be retained. President HARPER declined to give him a class to teach, saying, very reasonably, that he did not think it the wisest thing to place Dr. HOURWICH in charge of a class of beginners.

We may expect the Socialists and Populists who side with Dr. HOURWICH to set up a cry of persecution and of plutocratic influence, but all sensible people will approve of the course of the university authorities. Their mistake was not in dispensing with the services of detrimental instructors. The mistake was made in engaging them, and when the mistake was discovered it was their duty to remedy it. They could not allow the welfare of the university to be permanently impaired by an official endorsement of the absurdities of Populism or of the vagaries of Socialism. If Populism and Socialism are the proper foundations for a great university, there is no objection to the supporters of these doctrines attempting to establish one on that basis. A Populist university would be an interesting experiment. But neither Chicago University nor any other American university is at present ready, we are happy to say it, to be made the *corpus vile* for such an experiment.

RANGOON—RICE-BOATS ON THE IRRAWADDY RIVER.



CALCUTTA—SMALL RIVER PASSENGER-BOATS.



CALCUTTA—SMALL RIVER BOATS.

CALCUTTA—UP-COUNTRY BOATS.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA AND BURMAH—RIVER TRANSPORT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

INDIAN RIVER TRANSPORT.

A GREAT work has already been done by the construction of nearly twenty thousand miles of railways in the Indian Empire, but even now railway transport bears but a small proportion to that which is carried on over the great highways provided by nature in the river systems of the country. This is true of the India both on the west and east of the Ganges. Owing to the vast mountain ranges which hem in the country on the north and north-east it is unusually well watered, and its rivers are generally splendid waterways at least for internal navigation. As a rule, indeed, they are by no means equally accessible from the ocean, the greatness of their streams and the immense amount of alluvial deposit carried down rendering their channels near the mouth both difficult and dangerous. There is no more extreme instance of this than the entrance of the Hoogly—that branch of the Ganges on which Calcutta is built. It is not too much to say that no more dangerous entrance to a harbor exists in the world than that which gives entrance to the capital of India. Its many channels are so treacherous and shifting and its sand banks so much in the nature of the deadliest quicksands, that it is almost impossible to make the entrance safely, even with the most experienced pilot, excepting at the turn of the tide.

In spite of this, however, the Hoogly is one of the most animated harbor scenes in the world, and certainly second to none in the interest of its varied types of vessels, from the ocean steamer of eight thousand tons or more to the shoals of passenger-sampans and native rice-boats that thread their way in and out among the ships of European model that throng the stream for some miles above and below the fort. Our artist has successfully picked out a few of the types of native boats that abound on the Ganges. The passenger-boats are, as a rule, graceful and easily propelled by a very few oars over the still waters of the broad river, but they have also the merit of being good and safe vessels in rough water such as can always be met with at any point near the entrance of the Hoogly, where the vast stream of the Ganges, which just before looked so smooth and placid in the long still reaches of the river, comes into contact with the ocean tides, and suddenly rises into a confusion of surging water not pleasant to look at even from the deck of a large vessel. In such conditions many of the native sampans, light and fragile as they look, are yet as safe as, and perhaps even less dangerous than a large ship or steamer.

The large fleets of steamers that now run on the river for the carriage of produce and grain would seem at first sight to render of little use the heavier native cargo-boats, which are mainly used for the transport of grain, but a very short experience shows that this is by no means the case. Native transport is still principally confined to native boats, and it is more than doubtful whether steamers will ever supplant them for heavy freight. Men are plentiful and labor cheap in India, and a little more or less of time consumed in getting a load of grain to Calcutta appears of but little moment. There is something singularly congenial to the Hindoo character apparently in the work of sleepily floating down the stream of one of their great rivers with a cargo of rice, or even slowly paddling their way back with the empty vessel when they have discharged. For this latter service, too, they can often get the assistance of a sail, and will float contentedly along, if only a mile in an hour, careless of the passage of time, which to them, as apparently to all these Eastern races, appears a matter of such trifling importance. The far-spreading city of Calcutta seen from the deck of one of these boats is an imposing sight, its palacelike buildings rising impressively from the level shore, and the fleets of vessels which attest its world-wide commerce lying at anchor in the broad stream or fringing the banks with their forest of masts.

What the Ganges and Brahmapootra are to India the Irrawaddy is to a large extent to Burmah. Rising on the southern slope of the Langtam range, on the opposite slope of which, not more than a hundred and fifty miles away, the main stream of the Brahmapootra also finds its source, it runs the whole length of Burmah from north to south in a course of about fourteen hundred miles. The last seven hundred miles of the stream are nearly parallel with the coast of the Bay of Bengal, at an average distance from it of about a hundred miles. The stream of the Irrawaddy is large and navigable, and it has several important tributaries which are also navigable for many miles. With its two sister rivers, the Salween and the Sittang, the general course of which is also from north to south, the Irrawaddy provides a very general system of water carriage for Burmah, the value of which will become increasingly evident as the population and commerce of this rich country increase.

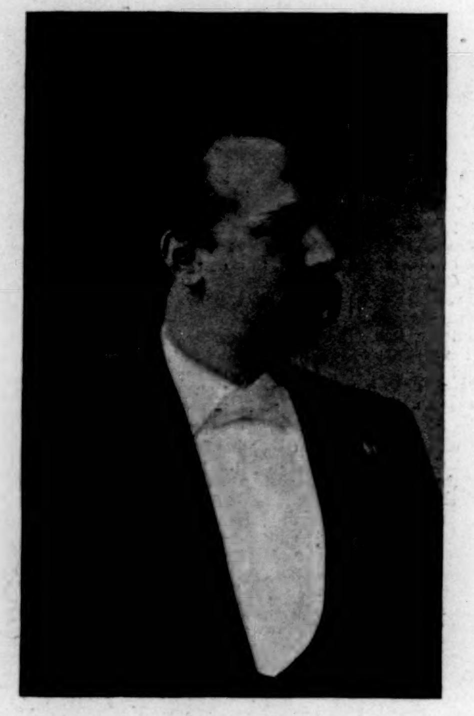
Like the other Indian rivers, the Irrawaddy brings down a large mass of soil in its stream, which it deposits on the great alluvial flats near its mouth. Through these flats it runs to the sea by six distinct channels, all of which are navigable, although that one which is known as the Rangoon River, which flows to the eastward into the Gulf of Martaban, is by far the most valuable for ordinary commercial purposes. Like the mouth of the Hoogly, however, that of the Irrawaddy, forming the harbor of Rangoon, is both treacherous and dangerous for navigation by all kinds of vessels. The current is, like that of the Ganges, very powerful, and it is subject to an underflow so strong as to give rise to its common name of "the river of death," the most expert swimmers having scarcely a chance of escape if once upset in its waters. In spite of this the native rice-boats abound upon its treacherous tide. Some of these boats are carved at stern and bows with great skill. They are built of the teak-wood which serves for so many important purposes in Burmah, and although even more frail-looking than the native boats on the Ganges, the artistic effect is frequently good, and in the hands of the native boatmen they appear to be equally well adapted for the perils they often have to encounter in the harbor and near the mouth of the river.

AN ASSAULT OF STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

ONCE upon a time two men who knew nothing whatever about music heard that a piano-player named Paderewski was drawing great crowds to the Carnegie Music Hall. They inquired where this music-hall was situated, and went there. They learned that it was different from ordinary music-halls in many ways, but especially in that it would contain about $5000 in money at one performance. They looked closely at the pianist, and saw that a beneficent Providence had made him in the image of other pianists, except that he had long hair. Then they marvelled greatly, and going away into a private place, took counsel one with the other as to how they might procure from Europe a musical sensation. After long and painful reflection they said, with one accord, "It is the hair that does it."

So they hastened across the ocean in search of a musical sensation who should be even more Paderewskian than Paderewski himself. But the musical wise men of Europe shook their heads at these Jasons in search of a new golden fleece, and said, "Go to; there is only one piano, and Paderewski is its prophet." The adventurers marvelled some more, and insisted that it was not a question of pounding the key-board, but of hair. And the wise men told them that all the other pianists had much less hair than the ethereal Pole. "But," said one wise man, "I can tell you where you can find a splendid violinist with a glorious amplitude of hair." And the adventurers marvelled still more, and exclaimed: "What! Do men also draw money with fiddle bows?" And they engaged the violinist, and brought him to America, and he created what the press agents call a "furor." And the adventurers were well pleased.

The name of the violinist was Ysaye. Every one remembers his imposing front and his leonine mane. No doubt these things had their influence with the musical public—which is, being interpreted, the women. But Ysaye, like Paderewski, won his way not by personal



EMILE SAURET.

magnetism alone, but by a high and influential art. His playing, though not flawless in technics, glowed with the vital flame of imagination. It lived, and it breathed the breath of its life upon audiences, and made them musically as wise as gods. The Ysaye ferment bubbled in the musical world last season. Paderewski and his aureole had been absent for wellnigh two years. Besides, Ysaye's hair was straight and oily. It was very unpoetic. So the managers of music in America said in their hearts, "It is not the hair; it is the fiddle." And every manager went away resolved that this year he would have a violinist.

This entire account of the workings of affairs in the musical world may seem fanciful to the casual reader, but those who are familiar with the artistic whirligig know that it is not a great exaggeration of the truth. America manages to get all that is best in music, but the motives which lead the *impresario* and the agent have little relation to art. As a matter of simple fact, no less than four violinists are coming from Europe this season, and the only discoverable cause for this is the great success of Ysaye last season. The men who are coming are all reputable artists, and will no doubt meet with a large measure of approval from those who know what is good. But it is hardly possible that they can all make money. However, that is a matter for the consideration of the speculators who engage them.

The four violinists are Emile Sauret, Franz Ondricek, Achille Rivarde, and Martin Marsick, a professor in the Paris Conservatoire. Sauret is the only one of the four who is known to Americans, for he was at one time a great favorite in this country. He was born at Dun-le-Roi, Cher, France, on May 22, 1852, and had the distinction of being the last pupil of the once famous De Beriot. Sauret began the itinerant life of a solo violinist in his early years, and was heard with approval in the principal cities of France and Italy. He played also in Vienna, and thence went to London, where he made his first appearance before an English-speaking audience at one of Alfred Mellon's concerts in Covent Garden in August, 1866. Maurice Strakosch engaged him for this country in 1872, and his tour was very successful.

The result was that he came back to America in 1874, and remained here till the beginning of 1876. It was in the course of his stay here that he met the pianist Teresa Carreno, who became his wife, but subsequently obtained a divorce. Sauret, in 1879, married Miss Emma Hotter, of Dusseldorf. While in America the violinist met Hans von Bülow and Anton Rubinstein. On his return to Europe he went to Leipsic, where Rubinstein was engaged in rehearsing his *Paradise Lost*, and was cordially received by the great pianist. The result of the meeting was that Sauret appeared at one of the Gewandhaus concerts in the shrine of Mendelssohn, and played that master's concerto with great success. He came back to America right away, and it was not till he returned to Europe in 1877 and made successful concert tours in Germany and Austria that his reputation was fairly established on the Continent. Sauret became a great favorite at the Gewandhaus concerts, and he attracted the notice of Liszt, and frequently played with that lordly dispenser of musical patronage. For a long time the violinist lived in Berlin, where he was a professor in the Kullak Conservatory. Of course he felt that it was necessary for him to compose: they all do that. His published works consist of a concerto in G minor, a ballade, a serenade, a legend, Caprice de Concert in D, "Scherzo Fantastique," transcriptions, and other minor pieces. Sauret's style of playing is essentially that of the De Beriot school, which is purer and less opposed to the nature of the instrument than that of Vieuxtemps. But of his present ability we shall soon have abundant opportunity to judge.

FRANZ ONDRICEK.

Franz Ondricek is said to be the only living violinist who has seen the mortal remains of Paganini. Two years ago Achille Paganini was so moved by Ondricek's performance of one of the wizard's concertos that he had the tomb opened in order that the player might get inspiration from the great man's bones. Unfortunately this story is told of others. Ondricek is a Bohemian, and is still a young man. He was born in Prague, the son of a musician, and had to play for his living in childhood. At seven he was able to play some of De Beriot's concertos, and at fourteen he was admitted to the conservatory, where he made rapid progress. After three years of work he gained the first prize by his performance of the Beethoven concerto—a fact which speaks well for the solidity of his early study. At a subsequent concert he played Wieniawsky's "Legende," and the composer, who was present, was moved to express his delight. The approval of Wieniawsky induced a Prague Crœsus to give the young man money enough to take a course at the Paris Conservatory.

Here he became a pupil of Massart, and he studied hard for two years, in spite of the advice of Vieuxtemps, who told him he was already a fine artist. At the end of his two years he carried off half of the first prize. He remained in France for two years, and played often at the Pasdeloup concerts. He then began his travels, and achieved success in the German musical cities and in London. He is wholly unknown in this country, except among well-informed musicians, but the fact that he is already engaged to appear with the Philharmonic Society speaks well for him.

ACHILLE RIVARDE.

Little is known of Achille Rivarde, who is the youngest of the four players. He is about forty years of age, or perhaps a little less, and is a Frenchman by birth. He was a pupil of Massart at the Paris Conservatoire, when he divided the first prize with Ondricek, on July 29, 1879. His early lessons were under the direction of his father, who, it seems, was a singer. There appears to be no room for doubt as to the solidity of Rivarde's acquirements. Ysaye, while in this country last season, frequently spoke of him, and declared that he stood in the front rank of the younger school of violinists. He achieved a great success in London last July at one of Arthur Nikisch's concerts, when he played the Beethoven concerto, and won the approval not only of the critics, but of many eminent musicians. According to the English journals, his playing is distinguished by purity of tone, dignity of style, and freedom from all exaggeration.

MARTIN MARSICK.

Martin Marsick was born at Jupille, near Liege, Belgium, on March 9, 1848. He began his musical studies at the Liege Conservatory, where he was taught singing, as well as piano and violin playing. He had a fine soprano voice, and at ten years of age carried off the solfeggio prize. At twelve he was one of the cathedral organists, and a solo-singer in the choir. He completed his studies at Liege at the age of fifteen. He afterwards went to Brussels, where he was a pupil of Leonard from 1865 to 1867. He left Brussels for Paris, where, an unknown youth, he entered a competition for the position of first violin at the Grand Opéra, and won over thirty-five competitors.

This enabled him to enter the Conservatoire, where he was a pupil of Massart in 1868 and 1869. He was a first-prize winner, but he was still unsatisfied, and in 1870 and 1871 he studied in Berlin under Joachim. After such a schooling it is not surprising that he achieved great success when he made his début at the Concerts Populaires of Pasdeloup in Paris in 1873. He played the Fourth Concerto of Vieuxtemps, who declared that he had never heard his composition better performed. Subsequently he formed a fine quartet, and he has done much to spread a love for chamber music in Paris. He is at present one of the professors of violin-playing in the Conservatoire. According to Vieuxtemps, he has a fine quality of tone and a most elevated style.

W. J. HENDERSON.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN the talk which Mr. Joseph Jefferson gave the graduating class at the Berkeley Dramatic School, last spring, he touched upon that difference between the actor's art and all other arts, which no one else has distinguished so delicately and accurately as he, or indeed, so far as I know, distinguished at all; though this may be my ignorance, and many others may really have done it. What he noted was that in the other arts you judged of the finished result, but that in acting you judged of the process, and that when the final effect came, the work had vanished. It was therefore the most intimate, the most personal, the most transitory of the arts, and any criticism of it was almost a criticism of the artist as a man, who remained to suffer from your judgment of his work, after the work had ceased to be. He did not deprecate criticism on that account, but I think no one who heard him could help feeling that it ought to deal much more carefully and patiently with acting than it seems to do, say, in the daily papers. I do not say it should keep itself more to the plays than to the players; I do not suppose the players would like that; and besides it could not be done for any long time: there are so few plays. There are fewer still which seem worth the skill that the players bring to them, as I have been feeling lately, with all the severity of an author who has made his own failures in that field; and I have been rather bewildered by the success of the actor, in one or two cases, when he evolved certain effects of truth and nature out of plays which I should have thought incapable of yielding them. It has been a favorite theory of mine that a statue which could not stand upon its legs must be thoroughly bad, and that no handling could save it from contempt; that a house which was always tumbling down through a fault of construction, or from being built upon quicksand, could not be made an agreeable abode by any beauty of decoration. But something very like this has happened in the cases I have in mind, and in none more notably than in the case of the play in which I had lately the pleasure of seeing Mr. Jefferson himself. That is for me always such a very great pleasure that if I gave a loose, as they used to say in the last century, to my emotions concerning it, I might well be accused of extravagance. So I will try to speak mainly of the play, which was almost exemplarily bad.

I.

I suppose something could be falser at all points than The Cricket on the Hearth, but I do not know how. The father who wishes his blind child to fancy that all is fair and bright about her, and carries his deceit so far as to make her believe that their squalid home is beautiful, and that he is richly and warmly clad while he goes about in a gunny-bag; the daughter who is so happy in his deceit that she falls in love with the old curmudgeon his employer whom he has painted as a tender and noble friend; the curmudgeon who is everything that is malignant and hateful up to the point of having his betrothed married away from him to another on his wedding-day, and then instantly reforms and becomes a fountain of good-will; the son who comes back from sea in the easy disguise of a deaf old man until the moment comes for flinging away his wig and claiming the curmudgeon's bride for his own; the little toy-wife whom alone he trusts with his secret in interviews so conspicuously furtive as to rouse the jealousy of her husband; the husband so convinced of her goodness that he can only blame himself for her seeming to go astray: all these are more exasperatingly impossible than anything imaginable outside of the Dickens world where they have their being. They are the more insufferable because they are rooted in certain elemental truths of human nature — as love, penitence, jealousy, humility, which they falsify in all their expressions; and I thought that perhaps the play exaggerated the faults of the story. But when I turned to this after getting home from the theatre, I found it falser than the play: a swash of sentimental slop with the solid ground so far beneath that one went over head and ears in it without finding a footing. I had to ask myself then what was just the miracle which the great actor had wrought, and it seemed to me that it was in finding for me, from moment to moment, this footing upon the basal truth and nature which I could not find for myself. He remanded the intolerable rubbish to its elements, and created from these certain beautiful and lovely effects, which I could not resist, and which constituted a triumph achieved with the very material of defeat. There was no actor in the piece who did not make you feel that he was better than the piece itself; but it was Mr. Jefferson's rarer gift to make you forget the piece altogether from time to time. The wretched mechanism all fell away from him; what in these fortunate moments you felt and saw was the sweet and loving fatherhood, none the less precious for the something quaint, the something antic, with which its error and excess were interfused.

II.

Of course I wanted Mr. Jefferson on the stage all the time, and I did not feel safe from the play in his absence. It was some such feeling that I had in seeing Mr. Francis Wilson in his new piece, The Chieftain. That is not a bad thing as new pieces go, and it is by a writer who has really been very funny from time to time; besides, the music, if not just the music of the earlier Sullivan, is still very charmingly Sir Arthur. But Mr. Wilson is himself so much better fun and better music that, while it is by no means a one-part affair, he is essentially its life, and you tremble for its dissolution whenever he leaves the scene. He is the touch of truth and nature in it; the ever-delightful and lovable droller breathes into the librettist's conceit the excuse and the authority for its being. It is not a bad conceit, I say again; it is a very fair one; but the actor is indefinitely more than the dramatist in such joy as it gives. His flashes of merriment seem an electricity evolved from humanity at large, and they reveal our nature in those aspects and instants which refuse themselves to literature. The art that accomplishes its effect under your eyes, and winningly constitutes you a partner of its enterprise, is there in rare and high degree.

III.

So it is in the work of Mr. John Drew in a new play almost as impossible as The Cricket on the Hearth. The play was, indeed, modern in its impossibility, and modernity is something, though it is scarcely a saving merit. It did not involve originality, or much novelty, in this case; all the time the play went on I was following it with the sad eye of experience, and foreseeing all its ends from all its beginnings. There was one new thing in it, however, and that was the standing quarrel between the father and mother of the hero, who do not speak, and who exchange their insults by means of the unhappy footman, whose ingenuity is constantly taxed to repeat them in decorous terms. This was unfailingly delightful, and I lay in wait for every moment of it, with a pleasure in it, when it came, that was not merely not equalled by anything else in the play, but was hardly surpassed by that I felt in the acting which altogether transcended it. If this thing is really as new to the drama as it was to me, it is proof of a comic gift in the author which we shall be glad of hereafter. In the mean time the play does not prevent Mr. Drew from playing well; it permits him to be lightly graceful, whimsical, charming, natural, not as much as he would like, I dare say, but a great deal. It allows Miss Maud Adams on the same terms to display the resources of her delicate and most ladylike art; it does not keep her from being like a girl in love; and why is not that enough?

IV.

Perhaps it is enough, and perhaps it must always remain a question how much or how little literature we shall have on the stage. If one sees a play of Ibsen's, or Mr. Bernard Shaw's, or Mr. Pinero's, or Mr. Wilde's, or Mr. Arthur Jones's, or Mr. Bronson Howard's, one wants a good deal of it. But we get these so seldom, and if we have some other people's plays, we want very little of it. Then, for the most part, why not frankly say the less the better? I wonder, indeed, whether that intimacy, that personality, that evanescent beauty, which is the charm of acting, did not find as great scope in the old Italian *commedia d' arte*, where a plot and a certain number of scenes and characters were given the actors, and they were left to work the play out in action and dialogue, as it finds in the carefully architected literary drama.

What gives us most pleasure in a play is, I am sure, the representation of character, of mere personality, if that is something less than character. What we enjoy is Mr. Jefferson's quality, Mr. Wilson's quality, Mr. Drew's quality, in the expression of this or that type; and for this reason I should like very much to see some of our best players handling a scheme of the *commedia d' arte*. Of course there ought to be relevancy and proportion in such a scheme, and there ought to be probability; there could not well be less of either than there is now in the fully indited drama.

I believe that the *commedia d' arte* has never quite ceased to be, and it is known to the profession now as "putting on acts," so that an attempt of the kind I suggest would not be altogether a novelty. I do not know who would have the courage to make the experiment, but whoever did would open a vast field for the play of individuality. Each actor could then truly and fully create his part, and be himself in it, without exterior limitations upon his powers of characterization. There would be no impertinent or intermeddling author to obtrude his preconceptions upon the actor, or to hamper him in the exercise of the talent peculiar to him. He could be all in all to the spectator, whose attention would not be distracted by questions of literature; there could only be questions of nature and its interpretation at first hand. To be sure, this unshadowed conspicuity might be too great a tax upon the actor's modesty, but that is something which has never been fully tried yet, and it would probably be equal to the strain.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY IN PITTSBURG.

DURING the present week Pittsburg's new public library is being dedicated to the purposes of its founder, Andrew Carnegie. On Tuesday night the dedicatory exercises proper were held, Mr. Carnegie formally delivering the keys of his magnificent gift to the city. The rest of the week is being devoted to a series of choral and orchestral concerts and exhibits of art and science. For Pittsburg's library is a music-hall, art gallery, and a museum and home for a number of scientific societies as well.

The Carnegie Library is, in fact, designed to be the centre in Pittsburg of all influences which make for popular culture and refinement. Mr. Carnegie's munificence found expression at an opportune moment in Pittsburg's awakening to things æsthetic and intellectual, and it has been duly seconded by the city and those of its leading citizens who form the board of trustees of the institution.

The building contains a music-hall, capable of seating 2500 persons, equipped with an unsurpassed organ, acoustically almost perfect, and of great architectural beauty. The city has followed out Mr. Carnegie's notion by employing Frederic Archer, the eminent English organist and composer, at a yearly salary of $4000, and large private subscriptions have been made to guarantee the maintenance of a permanent orchestra under his direction. Mr. Archer will be the only civic functionary of his kind in America.

The art gallery will be under the same liberal control, it being intended that $50,000 yearly shall be spent in adding to its collections. Schools of design will be established. Under the terms of Mr. Carnegie's gift the city appropriates $40,000 yearly to the maintenance of the library and its seven branches. The branch libraries have not yet been built, but convenient sites have been secured.

The library will open with 16,000 carefully selected volumes. Four miles of shelving in the "stack"-room furnish a capacity of 240,000 volumes, while the reference and reading rooms possess an additional capacity of 60,000 volumes. The stack wing is so constructed that it can easily be extended when that is necessary. Edwin H. Anderson has been appointed librarian. He came from the Carnegie Library at Braddock, it being considered that the reading population of Pittsburg will consist largely of a class similar to that of its manufacturing suburb. Mr. Anderson possesses in rare combination the qualities of the laborious student and practical man of affairs. He acquired an enviable reputation from his three years' work at Braddock, and earlier, at Chicago and Albany. In addition to the reference department proper there will be three spacious reading-rooms — the periodical, newspaper, and juvenile. One of the valuable special libraries already acquired through Mr. Anderson's efforts is the musical library of the late composer Carl Merz.

Andrew Carnegie's gospel of riches is that the millionaire holds his surplus wealth in trust for his less fortunate fellow-creatures. He has said that the man who dies rich without having done anything for humanity dies disgraced. It has been said that Mr. Carnegie's own gifts to libraries in Great Britain and America aggregate $3,000,000. This is not incorrect, it being remembered that the money was put into such composite institutions as that at Pittsburg, and not into mere book collections. Mr. Carnegie's previous gifts to Allegheny County—the libraries at Allegheny and Braddock—cost him more than half a million. His original gift to Pittsburg was $1,000,000. Of this, $700,000 was to be expended on the main building, and the rest on the branch libraries. Afterwards he gave an additional $100,000 for the main building. The gift was outright, Mr. Carnegie reserving only the privilege of naming half of the first board of trustees, the others being city officials. W. N. Frew is chairman of the board.

The Pittsburg building is constructed in a modified style of the Italian Renaissance. The walls are of Cleveland graystone, the roofs of red tiles. Externally the building is plain, even to severity. This is due wholly to the lack of ornamentation. The lines and proportions of the architecture itself leave a pleasing sense of dignity and repose. Two fine towers add greatly to the distant view of the structure.

The designing of a building which should be architecturally harmonious and yet lend itself to the many purposes of its institution was a hazardous problem. Yet the architects, Messrs. Longfellow, Alden, & Harlow, would seem to have accomplished it satisfactorily. The ground-plan may be indicated by placing the mouth of the letter U so as to abut upon the first leg of the letter H, placed *in situ*. Then letting the letter U represent the semicircular body of the music-hall, the first leg of the H will represent the art galleries, the crossbar the library wing, and the second leg the science wing. All the wings, except the music-hall, are of two stories. The corridors of the library portion, and their extensions, constitute the main axis of the pile. The library portals are also the chief entrance to the building. Above them, in letters of raised stone, stands the legend, "Free to the People."

The details of the architecture and decoration can best be seen in the accompanying illustrations. The decorating was done by Elmer Ellsworth Garnsey, whose work on the new Boston Public Library, and now again on the Congressional Library, has been of such marked originality and merit. The liberal use of marbles, mahogany, and polished brass helps make a beautiful interior. The building is supplied with its own electric-light plant and with the most improved heating and ventilating apparatus.

CHARLES SARVER.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is all but incredible what may escape the attention of persons who are not in immediate contact with the 400, and are too busy to study their newspaper. A gentleman who lives up the Hudson, and wears blue clothes, and works pretty hard in the service of his uncle, was heard on the 26th day of October to observe: "There was a little squad of New York people here the other day whom so-and-so asked me to show around. There was a Mrs. This, and a Mr. That, and a Miss Van—Van—Van something—oh yes, a Miss Vanderbilt, and her mother, and a young fellow whom I learned afterwards was the Duke of Marlborough, to whom the Miss Vanderbilt is engaged to be married." What he said further was not of great moment, but when he spoke of "Miss Van," and was honestly stumped to remember the rest of that young woman's name, there was one person at least who listened to him with an amazed admiration of his ability to live in the world and go about his business without concerning himself more than was necessary with the private and personal concerns of other folks. If he had been blind and deaf and closely employed in serving a term in the penitentiary, it would have been less prodigious; but to hear an intelligent gentleman, with the daily use of all of his faculties and a New York newspaper, hesitate over the name of the Miss Van something, who was engaged to a young fellow said to be the Duke of Marlborough, was an amazing experience, and edifying in proportion to its unexpectedness.

After all, the wedding of the American girl who married the Earl of Craven was an event of a more detonating quality than the marriage of the lady who has just become the Duchess of Marlborough. The Vanderbilt-Marlborough alliance has been decidedly interesting, and has been as important as any marriage between an Englishman and an American girl well could be. But no such marriage can be excessively important except to the persons most intimately concerned and their personal friends, and it seems unlikely that any international wedding will interest this generation of Americans quite as violently as the Bradley-Martin wedding of two years ago. That was a spring wedding, and spring weddings following Lent seem to take hold rather better than fall ones. But the main thing is that the international wedding in high life has ceased to be a novelty. It is still a pleasant subject for newspaper-writers to write about and for readers to read about, and it is still a very lively and stimulating social spectacle; but the bloom of newness is off of it, and it is not quite potent now to induce fits in the public, even in New York.

Miss Frances Willard told her associates at the Baltimore convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union that, in her opinion, "men who drink liquor take less of it, and more men do not drink at all, than in any previous year." This is a gratifying opinion, particularly in so far as it relates to drinking-men who drink less. It is a common subject of remark among middle-aged men that their contemporaries drink less than they used to. It is not surprising that it should be so. Middle-aged men are to some extent a picked lot. Men who drink very hard in early life often fail to arrive at middle age, and of those who do some reach that period with their capacity for stimulants so impaired as to make temperance obligatory with them. Besides, middle-aged men often know more than they did when they were younger, and are more capable of putting what they know to practical use; and further still, they have come to a time of life when, if they ever expect to succeed, they must be about it, and put all their available energies into their work. When a man of intelligence and experience begins to regulate his potations, with a view to the conservation of his energies, he almost always drinks less, though he does not often stop drinking altogether. Miss Willard's contemporaries are middle-aged people now, and if she formed her opinions about the diminished consumption of rum from personal observation among her friends, it might be thought that her conclusions were hasty; but doubtless they have a much broader basis than that, and the probability is that they are well founded. Competition is getting too sharp for John Barleycorn. His more generous patrons cannot hold their own with their more abstemious fellows. Groggy gentlemen are not in request, and it is harder than ever before for groggy workmen to get good jobs, and to hold them if they do. Men have achieved abstinence because of conscientious scruples about drinking rum, but the number who have such conscientious scruples is comparatively small. But when men drink all they can afford to, and feel that they can afford to drink only very little, then temperance gets down to a very matter-of-fact basis, on which it may be expected to rest secure and make steady progress.

There is a new famous man in the world—not absolutely new, but recent. His name is B. I. Barnato, and he is called "Barney" for short. His name is written in letters of gold on that page of British history which has 1895 at the top of it. He bids fair to be remembered as long perhaps as Hudson the Railway King. Barnato seems to be the freak development of the African gold boom. Cecil Rhodes and H. C. Robinson share with him the leadership of the South African boomers, but Rhodes has been a noted man for years, and Robinson is said to be a shrewd, careful man of business, who hates notoriety. Barnato is a meteoric figure that has shot up into such an immense publicity that not to know about him is to confess one's self ignorant. Aladdin was a duffer compared with him, and Monte Christo seems beside him like an unostentatious gentleman of comfortable means. The main difference between Barnato and South-Sea-Bubble Law seems to be that there really is a great deal of gold in sight in South Africa, and though Europe has gone mad about it, it is not entirely without an auriferous basis for its mania.

But dear, dear! To us, who have spent two years in getting our fiscal reason restored, how amazingly crazy Europe seems, and how astonishing it is that it should be so mad and we so sane, with only six days of salt water between us!

Careful readers of the reports of the investigation of the Ku-cheng massacre of missionaries in China will have noticed the statement that every person arrested for participation in the massacre was tortured to make him confess. That is the Chinese way of getting at facts. It was very disconcerting to the foreign commissioners sent to investigate the massacres, and it is reported that they insisted on having the torture done out of their sight and hearing, and this not a little to the surprise of the Chinese officials, who wondered at their squeamishness, especially as the suspects received nothing more than the usual treatment furnished by Chinese courts to prisoners whose confessions do not come easy. This demonstration of Chinese ways has a bearing on the statement made a year ago by Mr. Julian Ralph, who wrote to the WEEKLY from China that two Japanese spies had been tortured before being put to death. The Chinese minister denied the torture, and the State Department politely gave weight to his denial in preference to Mr. Ralph's report. Now that the Chinese methods of legal examination are better understood, the accuracy of Mr. Ralph's allegations becomes obvious.

Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London* is to have a companion in a book now in preparation, which is to be known as *Home and Haunts of French Men of Letters in the French Metropolis*. The new book is to represent the combined industry and knowledge of Mr. Hutton and Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, who walked and wrote about London not long since "In the Footsteps of Charles Lamb." Dr. Martin knows his Paris profoundly, and has got together a great mass of material, which Mr. Hutton, who also knows Paris, but less thoroughly, has undertaken to put together. The book will cover ground that at present is not covered at all. It is stated that there is no book, either in French or English, especially devoted to this subject, and that the allusions to it in the literature of Paris are scant and scattering.

The destruction of the rotunda and main hall of the University of Virginia by fire on the morning of October 26th was, so far as it went, a national disaster. The building was designed by Jefferson, and built under his supervision, and was handsome in itself, and very interesting and valuable from its associations. The library of the university was in the burnt building, and though some of its 63,000 books were saved, two-thirds of them are reported to have been destroyed. Valuable and interesting paintings were burned too, among them a number of portraits, including Jefferson's own, and the very large and valuable painting "School at Athens." The loss in money is placed at about $200,000—a very serious sum for any Southern university to lose, but which may, and doubtless will, in time, be made up. The more distressing loss is of things of great historical interest, which cannot be replaced. The alumni and other friends of the old university are full of sympathy for it, and are busy with measures for its relief.

The new woman is a vague creature that any one is free and welcome to denounce as long as she is only an idea and eludes a definite incarnation. There are signs, however, of a disposition to identify her with the semi-prevalent female person who wears bloomers when she rides the bicycle. It was a bicyclist in bloomers who inspired Bishop Seymour the other day to confide to a reporter of the Minneapolis *Times* a very pronounced condemnation of the new woman's qualities, and a very gloomy prophecy as to her future. So also some one who recently spoke for the Salvation Army was prompted by the same sight to the same sort of deliverance. This identification seems not to be reliable. The new woman believes in a degree of emancipation so comprehensive that the mere substitution of baggy trousers for a short skirt as part of a bicycling costume may well seem an unconsidered trifle in the mass of her desires. A great many womanly women tolerate bloomers for bicycle purposes, even though they do not themselves affect them. It is not what she wears that distinguishes the new woman, but what she wants and what she thinks. What distinguish the bloomer girl are her bloomers and the propensity to ride a bicycle. There may be nothing mutinous or new-womanish about her.

A Town and Country Club was started the other day in New York for the convenience of women who live in the suburbs and come in town to shop. If it is well managed it ought to thrive. Not all of the great army of woman suburban dwellers have city relations or near friends who live in accessible places. The suburban shopper needs a place to rest and to lunch. She has distinct use for a club, and though she may be reluctant to pay money to support it, an experiment with her disposition in that respect seems worth trying. A useful adjunct for such a club as has been started would seem to be a depository for small children who come to town with their mothers.

The St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association had great success with its twelfth annual exhibition, which closed October 19th. During the six weeks it was open it had over 550,000 paying visitors. The Art Department, about which there was an illustrated article in the WEEKLY of October 12th, was particularly fortunate, and sold 67 works of art, sent by artist contributors, out of 588 which were for sale. Of the pictures sold 23 came from New York, 17 from Glasgow, 6 from French artists in Paris, 5 from Chicago, 4 from St. Louis, and 4 from Copenhagen. The pictures by the artists of the Glasgow school and those of the Danish painters, which were among the principal features of the exhibition, have been sent to the Chicago Art Institute, where they may be shown for a time. It is hoped that later they will be exhibited in New York. Mr. Charles M. Kurtz will have charge of the Art Department of the St. Louis Exposition again next year, and has again chosen Mr. C. W. Rhodes as his assistant.

E. S. MARTIN.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "INDIANA."

THE trial trip of the battle-ship *Indiana* off the New England coast on October 19th not only marked practically the advent into our navy of the first battle-ship of the first class, but was the first time that one of our new war-ships was tested in a finished state. Not only was the armor on the vessel, but she was practically complete in her armament. The ship was required to show 15 knots speed. She made a record of 15.61 knots, and on the basis of a $25,000 premium for every quarter knot above the required speed, earned a bonus of $50,000 for her contractors, the Messrs. Cramp.

The record of the *Indiana* is the more remarkable because she made the trip without having been in a dry-dock to have the bottom cleaned. No war-ship of our navy has ever before been sent to trial in this condition. There is no dry-dock in the country at present in condition and wide enough to admit the *Indiana*. The one at Port Royal is finished, but the depth of the channel to the dock has not been dredged to a depth sufficient to admit vessels of the *Indiana* class. It is probable that the *Indiana* would have made more than 16 knots sustained speed had she been in the best possible form.

The trial also revealed another unusual fact—the remarkable steadiness of the boat. Battle-ships are regarded as unstable craft. Lack of stability has made many of them unsafe in other navies. Some of the most formidable ships are positively in danger in a gale. It was found that the *Indiana* rolled only a trifle in a moderately heavy sea. There is probably no more stable ship in our navy than the *Indiana*.

"You can't get a roll out of her," said one of the trial board.

It has been already demonstrated that the *Indiana* equals in offensive power the English battle-ships of the *Royal Sovereign* class. The tonnage of the *Indiana* is 10,500; that of the English battle-ships, 14,000. The English ships were to have a speed of 16 knots, but not yet have they shown it. On a measured mile they may be able to make that record. The *Indiana*, notwithstanding the condition of her hull, showed a burst of 16.30 knots speed for six miles. She is therefore superior to the English ships in speed, and is only two-thirds their size, with equal fighting capacity.

The *Indiana* developed an average of 9700 horse-power, being 700 above the requirements. Her four 13-inch guns are the chief features of her armament.

NOVEMBER.

THE old year's withered face is here again,
  The twilight look, the look of reverie,
  The backward-gazing eyes that seem to see
The full-leaved robin-haunted June remain
Through devastating wind and ruinous rain,
  A form that moves a little wearily,
  As one who treads the path of memory
Beneath a long year's load of stress and stain.

Good-night! good-night! the dews are thick and damp,
  Yet still she babbles on, as loath to go,
    Of apple buds and blooms that used to be,
Till Indian summer brings the bedtime lamp,
  And underneath a covering of snow
    She dreams again of April ecstasy.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

IT is now some three years since John W. Alexander left for Europe, and meanwhile reports from over the ocean have come from time to time telling of his progress. We have learned of ambitious works favorably received and of special groups of portraits hung at the New Salon in the Field of Mars. There has been encouraging praise from the newspaper men of the French press, critics whose words had weight, and who saw in the young American the fulfilment of the promise of early years.

Soon we heard that he was placed on the probationary list of the new National Society of Fine Arts in Paris—an associate, so to speak—and, lo! in short order he was made a full-fledged *Sociétaire* of the most exacting organization of the new group of artistic workers in the French capital. In short, it was found that in his flight beyond the seas Mr. Alexander had changed his skies, but not his mind. All this, however, was but hearsay, the printed report wired over, or pleasant gossip written in friendly letters.

Since seeing is believing, the opportunity now presents itself for the first time to inspect a collected number of these efforts, painted both abroad and at home since his return; for in Pittsburg, his native city, there is to be an exhibition of his pictures, brought together at the Carnegie Art-Gallery, while here in New York, in the Portrait Show at the Academy of Design, there are hung four examples. And those who may not look on the originals will see from the black and white reproductions that the remembered style, the personal way of looking at nature, the unconventional arrangement of sitter, and the broad treatment, are still parts of the general method of Mr. Alexander's work, matured by time, improved by experience, and refined by the years.

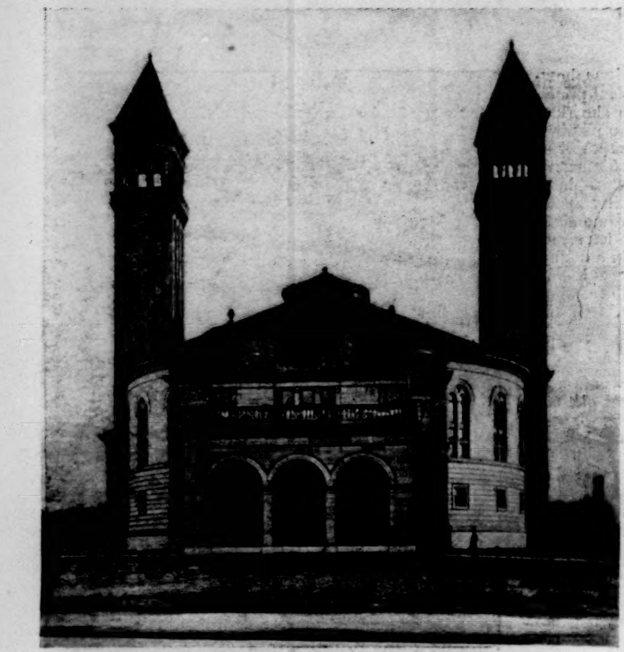
In days gone by the artist gave evidence in certain portraits of Jefferson as Bob Acres, of the poets Walt. Whitman and Richard Watson Gilder, and of George W. Childs, that his was no common gift. He saw nature from its largest aspect, shorn of its unimportant details. The commonplace did not appeal to him from any point of view. Unusual poses, novel and surprising effects of light and shade, combined with rare color, gave his work a distinction and a personal character that made the spectator pause and look again. The memory of his men and women on canvas, painted in a manner different from his fellows, would somehow linger with one. Many of these earlier efforts were crude, brutal almost in their insistence on certain qualities that the painter sought, groping vaguely, possibly not yet fully understanding his own desires. But the purpose was more or less apparent, if the hand was not quite apace with the brain.

None of the seven examples here shown but has an individuality quite Mr. Alexander's own, and each is different from the other. The refinement of lovely womanhood, elegance of manner, and grace of carriage permeate each separate effort. And there is knowledge of construction, an intelligent feeling for form, excellent action, and, above all, originality. Nor has the last quality been achieved at the expense of undue or theatric effect. His work is sober, quiet, thoroughly harmonious, and refined. Of the color these monochromes can give of course but a suggestion, which at best is unsatisfactory. We may, however, safely take that for granted, being sure where so many qualities unite this one is not lacking.

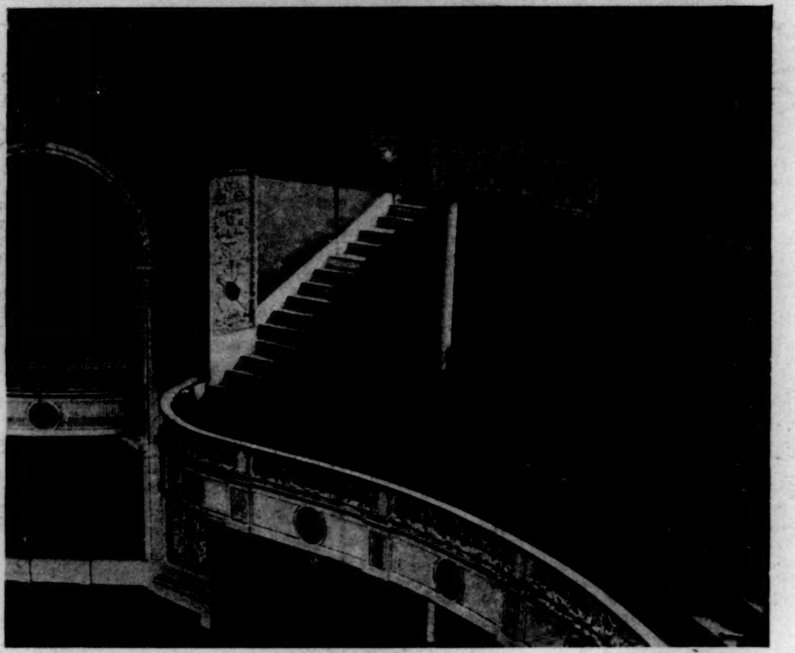
Mr. Alexander is one of the most individual of our painters, and may be ranked in the first class. Twenty of his works will be seen at the Art Club, while two are hung in the galleries of the Carnegie Library. His townspeople thus accord him the compliment of an extensive exhibition, and attest the fact that a prophet is not always without honor in his own country. There is evidence, slight though it be, throughout the man's work, of the early influence of his Munich training, not perhaps from his color scheme, nor again from his drawing, but noticeable more in a subjugation of his lights, in the prevalence of sober tones, and in the reserve power of his pigment—essentially German characteristics. There is unction in the manipulation of his paint, a certainty of touch combined with sweeping big lines of composition, that call instant attention to the canvases Mr. Alexander signs.

Mr. Alexander was a student at the Royal Bavarian Academy at Munich in the late seventies, and, later, a pupil and follower of Frank Duveneck, whose influence upon a certain set of young men was at one time so strong. With him he spent some time in Italy, establishing himself upon his return to New York as a portrait-painter.

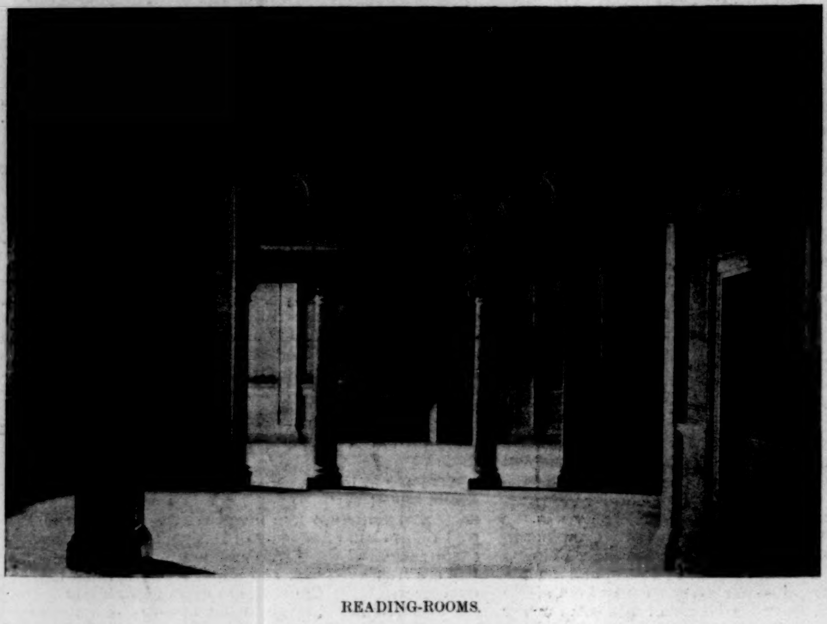
ARTHUR HOEBER.



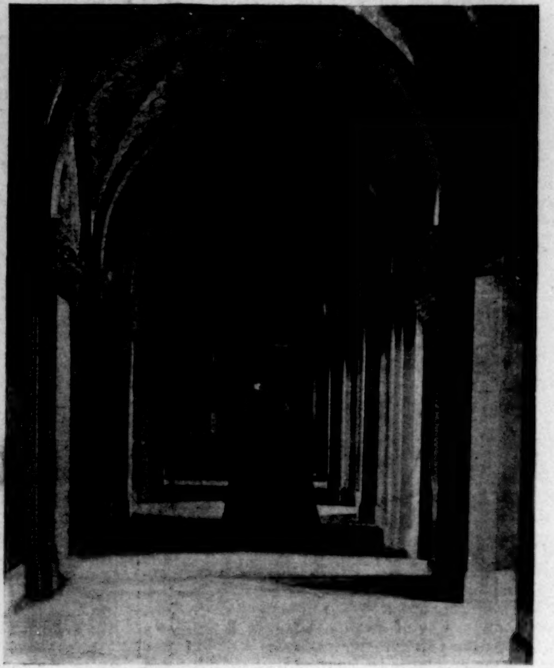
ENTRANCE TO MUSIC-HALL.



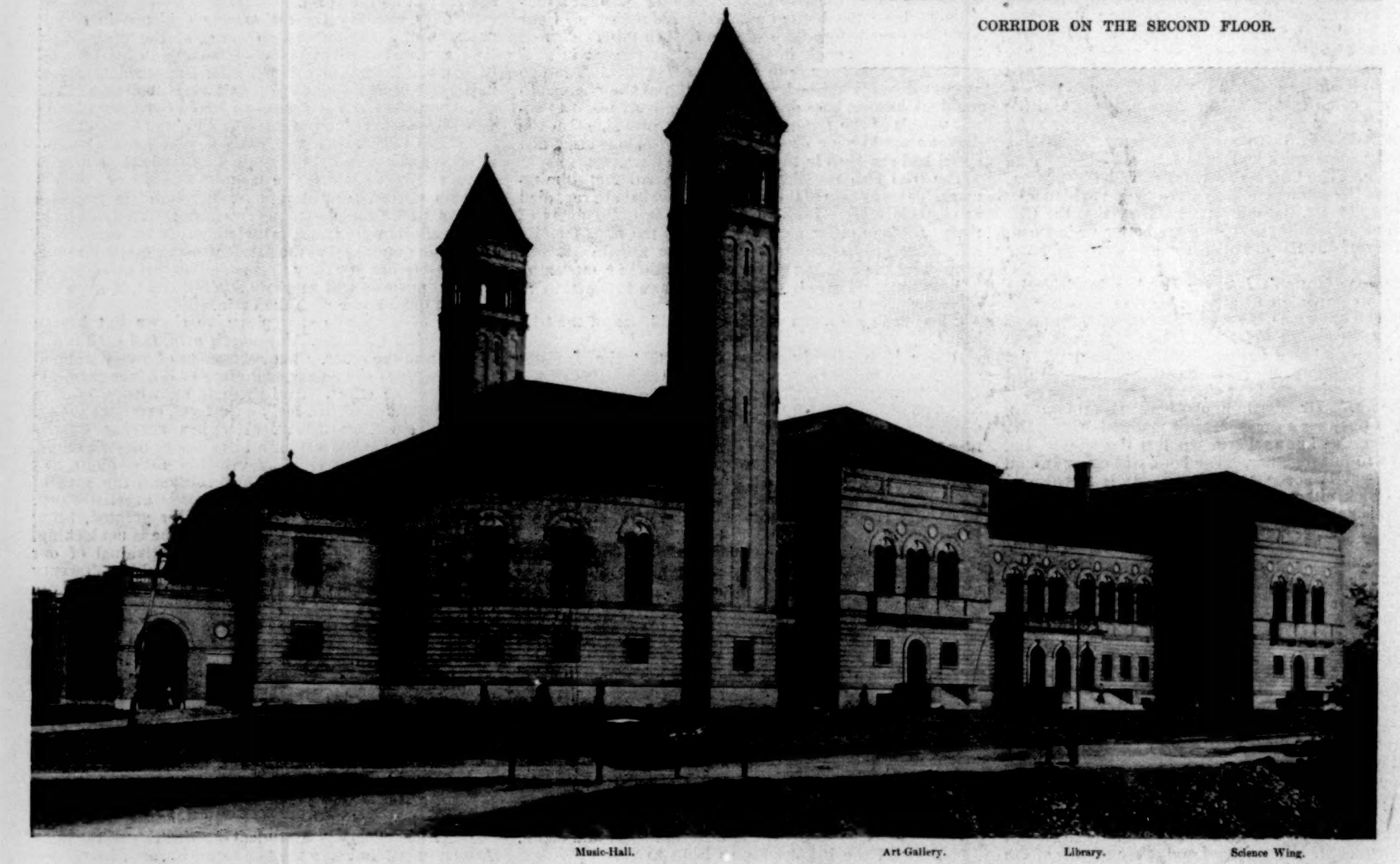
A CORNER IN THE MUSIC-HALL.



READING-ROOMS.



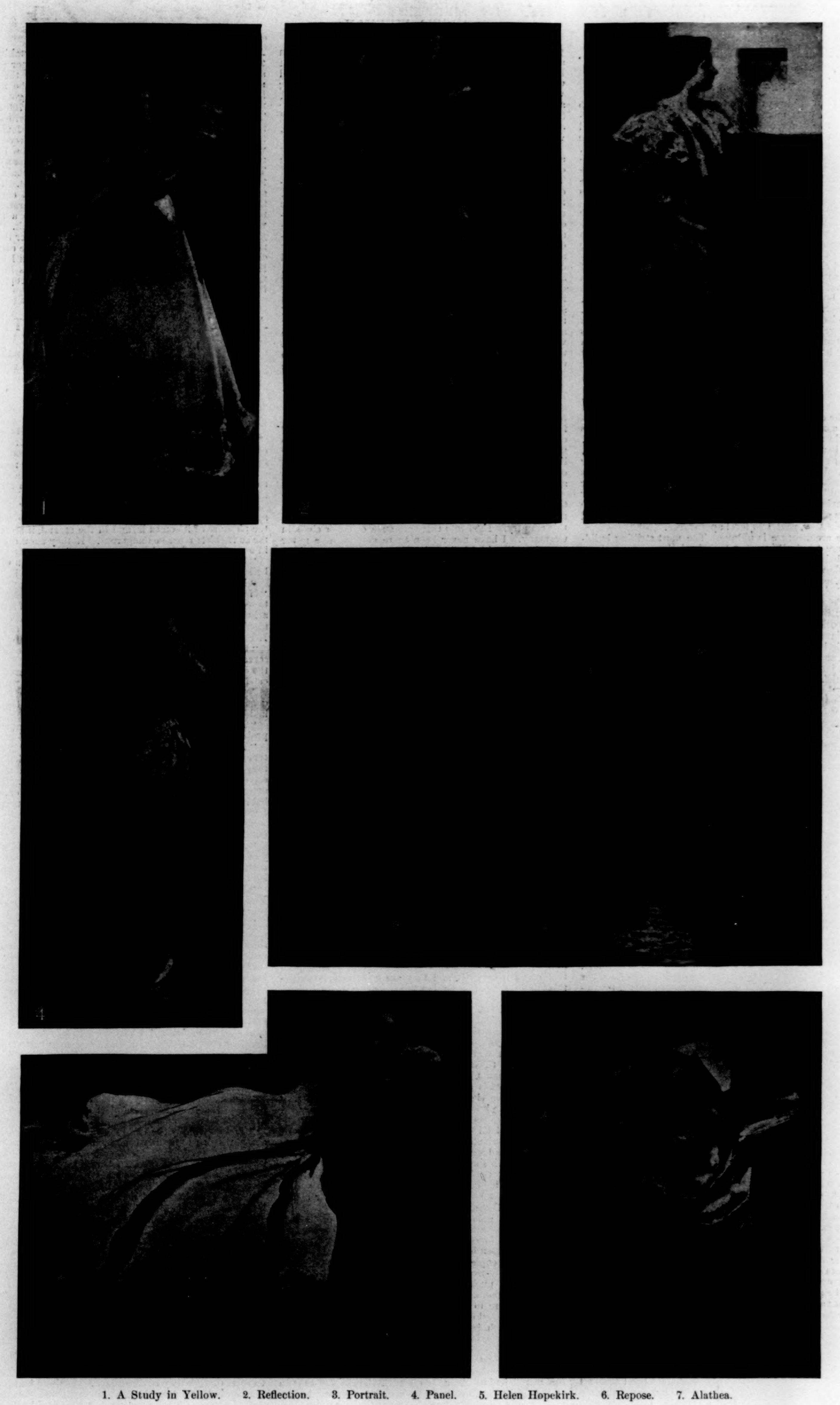
CORRIDOR ON THE SECOND FLOOR.



Music-Hall.
Art-Gallery.
Library.
Science Wing.

VIEW OF THE WESTERN FAÇADE.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.—[SEE PAGE 1060.]



1. A Study in Yellow. 2. Reflection. 3. Portrait. 4. Panel. 5. Helen Hopekirk. 6. Repose. 7. Alathea.

SELECTIONS FROM THE EXHIBITION OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER'S PAINTINGS AT THE OPENING OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 1061.]

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

VIII.—JOYOUS GALVESTON.

I HAVE always nursed a theory that I was sure to find the most agreeable persons in the most unlooked-for, out-of-the-way places, and it has proved the case so often that I now number friends in some of the oddest corners of plains-land, mountain, rocky isle, and dreary beach. But until I went to Galveston I had not fully understood that cities were as individual as human characters, and that some were sympathetic, generous, hospitable, and friendly, while others were cold and selfish, or immersed in their own affairs.

Galveston, from the utilitarian point of view, is a place of about 40,000 population, and is one of the chief cotton-export points. It ships away about a fifth of the cotton crop annually, and it promises to be a great grain-shipping point as well. In anticipation of that triumph a million-bushel elevator is already built there. From my point of view as a tourist, it is a solidly built, humming town, with a handsome and substantial business portion, in which some houses, notably in the lines of jewelry, stationery, hardware, and dry-goods, are such as to excite surprise. As to its residence district, it is in part typically Southern and careless, and in part very proud and finished. It has very beautiful though small residence sections, in which costly houses are numerous. These are new, and show the tendency of the city. So do a number of new public and semi-public buildings, which are architectural gems, and foreshadow as many more already planned. In the same way, while many of its streets are shabby, some are considered the best-paved roads in the world, and the city has agreed to copy them on every block within its confines. These are laid with creosoted pine blocks laid close together, without seams or strips intervening. This is a new mode of dealing with wooden pavements, and is said not yet to have been adopted in London or Paris. Laid in the old way, with strips between the rows of blocks, these have already lasted without fracture or perceptible wear twenty-one years in the streets given over to heaviest traffic. Laid in the new way, side by side, the blocks give a velvetlike evenness and smoothness as well as a pleasing, neat, and level appearance.

The architecture is unique. The most striking buildings are tropically treated both in design and construction, being done in brick coated with cream-toned staff, and showing an abundance of domes and round towers and minarets. They are pretty, if not handsome, and their combined effect is very picturesque. The City Hall, the Ball School, the Rosenburg School, and the new Catholic institutions are all of this light ornamental type, and are the work of Galveston architects. The result of this abundance of semi-tropical architecture is that a building of strictly Northern form, put up by the Federal government, and such as would dignify a Northern or Eastern town, jars on the eye here as being massive, heavy, cold, and stiff. The fine seats of the old aristocracy and the showy homes of the new generation of successful men in trade exhibit strong contrasts. Only a few of the old-style, galleried, and colonnaded planters' mansions are left, and they accentuate with some pathos the loss of taste that has occasioned their extinction. They are to-day the finest houses in Galveston. It is, indeed, a question whether theirs is not the finest plan of house this country has adopted, if one looks for pride and luxury in home effects, and for roominess, coolness, and fitness for local conditions in home achievement. Galveston will remain peculiar and Southern in spite of the new bird-cage palaces, because she offers natural attractions and ornaments which only the Gulf cities can aspire to. I refer to her marvellous abundance of what are called the salt-cedar trees, to her oleanders, magnolias, gums, palms, huge laurels, and cloudlike water-oaks and live-oaks. Her gardens are also semi-tropical and gorgeous. In the spring the salt-cedars turn themselves into bouquets, massed with sprays or plumes of pink and highly aromatic flowers displayed beautifully against a background of leaves as fine and abundant as hair. The trunks of these trees are almost Japanese in the grotesque twisted shapes they take.

It is pleasant to be able to say of the city that in spite of its luxurious features, of which I am going to write, it is socially as clean and decorous as—I was going to say New Orleans, but it would be clumsy to differentiate, when the entire South is all alike distinguished for the characteristics that grow out of reverential regard for women.

Around its French restaurant, its leading social club, its Garten Verein or summer club, and its beach resort the happy life of the city disports itself, and of this life I can truly say that it is deeper and broader and nearer to the standard of highest excellence than any that will be found nearer than New Orleans or in a two days' journey in any other direction. Galveston is primarily a seat of good living, and the citadel of this is the restaurant that has, to all intents and purposes, always been there, and that is of as high a class as any, except possibly one, in the entire South. It is not a thing of beauty to the eye. It occupies a large bare hall with a sanded floor and a mind-bewildering lot of festoons of fly-paper scissored out of tissue-paper of diabolic colors. Its tables and chairs are of simple pine, and on its walls it shows only a railway map to assist the coat-hooks in decorative effect. Yet here a sextet of Frenchmen *from France* tirelessly compound and serve the very choicest delicacies, the most expensive and ambitious dishes, and the latest ingenious triumphs of the Paris kitchens. In this grateful work the members of the Aziola Club, whose home is the world, assist with the discoveries they make in their wanderings. In and of the club and the city are wealthy merchants, old Southern planter families, grain, cotton, and rice operators, cotton-buyers from the European capitals, and the local professional and railway men, who, for some reason, are here famed as æsthetes and fond diners. For one purpose or another a choice band of finely nurtured Germans makes Galveston its headquarters; and then there are the members of the United States Engineer Corps, and the luxury-loving New Orleans contingent that is frequently in glad evidence in Galveston. We may be certain that the taste which supports the restaurant sheds its influence beyond the club and into the houses of the town.

In the dainty dining-room of the Aziola Club I have sat down to a hastily ordered dinner of crab soup, sheep's-head *au gratin* with Spanish sauce, sweetbreads with pease, roast chicken, asparagus, and green corn, and then strawberries and Kirschwasser. For that which cheers I have made a choice between Château du Kremlin and Château du Volga, from Russia by way of the leading wine-seller's place in the city; and this in April, mind you, and in Galveston! I doubt whether even New Orleans or San Francisco, the two larger capitals of good living, could duplicate the dinner—as this was ordered by telephone, with an hour's notice.

The Aziola (meaning "little owl") Club occupies only a few rooms in the business district, but these form as dainty and pretty a suite as a clubman could imagine. They are Southern, in being roomy and cool, in light colors and hard-wood. The light tones, the cool furniture, the roominess, even the taste shown in the choice of the etchings upon the walls—all carry the memory of a traveller down to the Latin-American countries. A closer acquaintance diminishes the interest in the rooms and increases that in the club itself, for the members are nearly all found to be well-to-do men of cosmopolitan tastes and experiences, gourmets, lovers of art and literature, music, and such ease as our best element gets in America, where every one works hard six days in the week. No club of its size subscribes for more or better current literature and art publications, and the flattering care that is taken of the reading-room treasures flatters the members by reflex action just as they honor themselves in honoring those who are distinguished in literature, science, and art. In this way they have conferred complimentary membership upon such visitors and favorites as Mrs. Mollie E. Moore Davis, Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, Jeannette L. Gilder, William Dean Howells, John Hay, J. Whitcomb Riley, Henry James, H. M. Stanley, Albert Bierstadt, Dr. Holmes, and George W. Cable. Autograph letters from these honorary members form the nucleus of a collection that is to be fine if not great in size. The natural course of club life is not at all disturbed by this divagation of the members. An earnest Southern game of "draw" may be had there if demanded, though the childlike diversion of "spinner" (next door to simple dominoes) is a chief dissipation of the members.

Many of the Aziola lights are also members of the Garten Verein, and that, I do not hesitate to say, is the most charming invention of the pleasure-loving mind in this country. I am told there are such out-door clubs in Germany. I have never been there, and so have never seen "the like of this." It is a dream-garden—a club so fine as to seem intangible and of the imagination, a fanciful invention practically carried out. To begin its description, it is a semi-tropical garden close to the sounding shore of the Gulf. It was originally half of a splendid manor-place that belonged to a Mr. Robert Mills, a factor and planter, and a fine type of the old-style gentlemen whom the rebellion ruined in great numbers. Seventeen years ago certain merchants, lawyers, and bankers—all German—bought the place and established the Garden Union, or Club. The shares in the club were put at fifty dollars, and sold only to Germans or persons who speak that tongue. Others are not allowed to hold shares, but pay membership costs—ten dollars initiation and a dollar and a half a month in dues. There are now 600 in the club, and they are exclusively such as are wholly congenial to the leading people of the city. The place is laid out as a park, with lawns and walks and a club-house, a dancing pavilion, bowling-alleys, tennis-courts, and croquet-grounds. Where the trees have not been thinned they all but touch one another, and not only roof the park, but turn the night scenes into fairy views, showing the brilliantly electric-lighted buildings through curtains of greenery. There are cedars of many varieties, live-oaks, water-oaks, wild peaches, magnolias, laurels, palms, myrtles, sycamores, and oranges. At night—and that is when the Garten Verein enjoys its play-ground—every building is a brilliant lantern, and the foliage is tipped with silvery light; the band sifts its music through the leaves; the walks are gay with women and girls in white, or in the soft mild colors that distinguish the costumes of all the women of the Gulf cities; the great open dancing pavilion murmurs beneath the feet of the dancers; the verandas of the club-house are crowded with dinner parties and others who seek only light refreshment, and the roar and crash of the bowling-alleys is softened against the leafy cushions of the trees.

It needed the Germans to make this exquisite club a success. They maintain a purer democracy here than that of us Americans, and they are sufficiently strong—though not otherwise foreign in manner or speech—to insist upon ordering this club as if it were of the members of a family. The result is that here is a private park to which women and girls may come without escorts, certain of meeting only friends, only the nicest persons, and secure from all possibility of misadventure. The young may romp at will over the park, the men may gather around green tables under the oaks and sample the beers of two continents, the women may move from group to group of friends along the circular lobby around the dance floor, the vigorous may bowl, the sentimental may promenade the bowery paths, the lovers may sip ices and Southern "coolers" on the club-house porch, the hungry may dine, and all will yield to the spell of the beauty of the loveliest private park in the South. It may require a generous and broad society to combine its forces thus, but such is this society, and the Garten is its rendezvous.

Galveston occupies an island in the Gulf, and so has a beach resort behind it, in its back garden, so to speak. Here is a great hotel and nightly music, and near by are picnic parks that are the Garten Vereins of the great majority. I am going to speak at more length of its surf side in another article, but in reflecting upon the sources of enjoyment for the Galveston folk the reader may not leave out the sea baths and the beach drives, which cool and rest the people after each day's labor.

A great jetty-work for deepening the water in the harbor is being pushed by the Federal government with gratifying success. The water is narrowed between two jetties that are to be run four miles out into the Gulf. These are formed of a foundation of riprap 50 to 100 feet wide, on which is heaped larger stone, and then, above low-water level, four or five feet of great granite blocks. These jetties continue the gorge or narrows formed by Galveston Island and the Bolivar Peninsula. Beyond is sixty feet of water, and it is thought that at least thirty feet can be had all along the channel. There was a depth of but twelve or thirteen feet when the work was begun, and already there is a depth of more than nineteen feet. Another great, and in this case a novel, undertaking is that by which the city is to get a new and proper water supply. Rain-water gathered in cisterns gave the former supply. The city acquired property on the mainland, nineteen miles distant, and sank a well, and got crystal-clear, soft, and beautiful water at a depth of 700 feet. Then it contracted for the sinking of wells that will yield five millions of gallons of water daily. It was calculated that one well would yield 150,000 gallons, and thirty-three were ordered, but it is found that thirty wells now being sunk will perhaps furnish seven millions of gallons a day. These wells are put 350 to 750 feet apart, in a chain extending a mile and a quarter from the initial point. They are bored by the hydraulic rotary process, and each is fitted with a seven-inch pipe, with a thirty-foot strainer at the bottom. The water from each flows into a main which connects them all with a distributing tank. The gradient down to the city will deliver all the water that is needed through a thirty-foot pipe, which has to be carried on the bottom of the bay, 10,350 feet, to Galveston Island. It is sunken to the depth of its diameter. This important public benefaction will be enjoyed by the people before or by winter.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

XII.—THE HOUSE-BOAT DISAPPEARS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, attended by Ophelia and Xanthippe, was walking along the river-bank. It was a beautiful autumn day, although, owing to certain climatic peculiarities of Hades, it seemed more like midsummer. The mercury in the club thermometer was nervously clicking against the top of the crystal tube, and poor Cerberus was having all he could do with his three mouths snapping up the pestiferous little shades of bygone gnats, that seemed to take an almost unholy pleasure in alighting upon his various noses and ears.

"I am sure I have never wished to ride one of them," said Ophelia. "In the first place, I do not see where the pleasure of it comes in, and in the second, it seems to me as if skirts must be dangerous. If they should catch in one of the pedals, where would I be?"

"In the hospital shortly, methinks," said Queen Elizabeth.

"Well, I shouldn't wear skirts," snapped Xanthippe. "If a man's wife can't borrow her husband's clothing to reduce her peril to a minimum, what is the use of having a husband? When I take to the bicycle, I shall have a man's wheel, and I shall wear Socrates's old dress clothes. If Hades doesn't like it, Hades may suffer."

"I don't see how Socrates's clothes will help you," observed Ophelia. "He wore skirts himself, just like all the other old Greeks. His toga would be quite as apt to catch in the gear as your skirts."

Xanthippe looked puzzled for a moment. It was evident that she had not thought of the point which Ophelia had brought up.

"The women of your day were relieved of that dress problem, at any rate," laughed Queen Elizabeth.

"The women of my day," retorted Xanthippe, "in matters of dress, were the equals of their husbands; now they have lost their rights, and are made to confine themselves still to garments like those of yore, while man has arrogated to himself the sole and exclusive use of sane habiliments. However, that is apart from the question. I was saying that I shall have a man's wheel, and shall wear Socrates's clothes to ride it in, if Socrates has to go out and buy the clothes for the purpose."

"A magnificent old maid was lost to the world when you married," said Elizabeth. "Feeling as you do about men, my dear Xanthippe, I don't see why you ever took a husband."

"Humph!" retorted Xanthippe. "Of course you don't. You didn't need a husband. You were born with something to govern. I wasn't."

"How about your temper?" suggested Ophelia, meekly.

Xanthippe sniffed frigidly at this remark. "I never should have gone crazy over a man, if I'd remained unmarried 40,000 years," she retorted, severely. "I married Socrates because I loved him and admired his sculpture, but when he gave up sculpture and became a thinker, he simply tried me beyond all endurance, he was so thoughtless; with the result that, having ventured once or twice to show my natural resentment, I have been handed down to posterity as a shrew. I've never complained, and I don't complain now, but when a woman is married to a philosopher who is so taken up with his studies that when he rises in the morning he doesn't look what he is doing, and goes off to his business in his wife's clothes, I think she is entitled to a certain amount of sympathy."

"And yet you wish to wear his!" persisted Ophelia.

"Turn about is fair play," said Xanthippe. "I've suffered so much on his account that, on the principle of averages, he deserves a drop of bitters in his nectar."

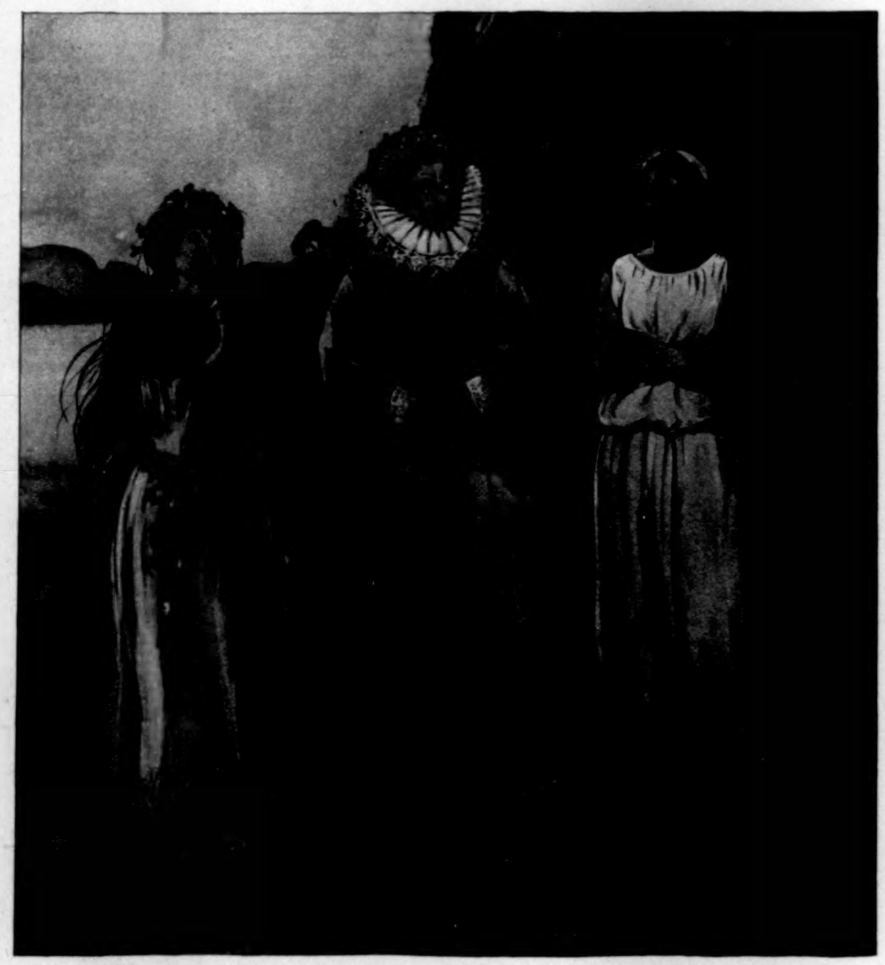
"You are simply the victim of man's deceit," said Elizabeth, wishing to mollify the now angry Xanthippe. "I understood men, fortunately, and so never married. I knew my father; and even if I hadn't been a wise enough child to know him, I should not have wed, because he married enough to last one family for several years."

"You must have had a hard time refusing all those lovely men, though," sighed Ophelia. "Of course Sir Walter wasn't as handsome as my dear Hamlet, but he was very fetching."

"I cannot deny that," said Elizabeth, "and I didn't really have the heart to say no when he asked me; but I did tell him that if he married me I should not become Mrs. Raleigh, but that he should become King Elizabeth. He fled to Virginia on the next steamer."

Chatting thus, the three famous spirits passed slowly along the path, until they came to the sheltered nook in which the house-boat lay at anchor.

"There's a case in point," said Xanthippe, as the house-boat loomed up before them. "All that luxury is for men; we women are not permitted to cross the gang-plank. Our husbands and brothers and friends go there, the door closes on them, and they are as completely lost to us as though they never existed. We don't know what goes on in there. Socrates tells me that their amusements are of a most innocent nature, but how do I know what



"THE QUEEN ARCHED HER BROWS AND LOOKED INQUIRINGLY AT XANTHIPPE."

he means by that? Furthermore, it keeps him from home, while I have to stay at home and be entertained by my sons, whom the *Encyclopædia Britannica* rightly calls dull and fatuous. In other words, club life for him, and dulness and fatuity for me."

"I think myself they're rather queer about letting women into that boat," said Queen Elizabeth. "But it isn't Sir Walter's fault. He told me he tried to have them establish a ladies' day, and that they agreed to do so, but have resisted all his efforts to have a date set for that function."

"It would be great fun to steal in there now, wouldn't it?" giggled Ophelia. "There doesn't seem to be anybody about to prevent our doing so."

"That's true," said Xanthippe. "All the windows are closed, as if there wasn't a soul there. I've half a mind to take a peep in at the house."

"I am with you," said Elizabeth, her face lighting up with pleasure. It was a great novelty, and an unpleasant one to her, to find some place where she could not go. "Let's do it," she added.

So the three women tiptoed softly up the gang-plank, and silently boarding the house-boat, peeped in at the windows. What they saw merely whetted their curiosity.

"I must see more," cried Elizabeth, rushing around to the door, which opened at her touch. Xanthippe and Ophelia followed close on her heels, and shortly they found themselves open-mouthed in wondering admiration in the billiard-room of the floating palace, and Richard, the ghost of the best billiard-room attendant in or out of Hades, stood before them.

"Excuse me," he said, much upset by the apparition of the ladies. "I'm sorry, but ladies are not admitted here."

"We are equally sorry," retorted Elizabeth, assuming her most imperious manner, "that your masters have seen fit to prohibit our being here, but now that we are here we intend to make the most of the opportunity, particularly as there seem to be no members about. What has become of them all?"

Richard smiled broadly. "I don't know where they are," he replied, but it was evident that he was not telling the exact truth.

"Oh, come, my boy," said the Queen, kindly. "You do know. Sir Walter told me you knew everything. Where are they?"

"Well—if you must know, ma'am," returned Richard, captured by the Queen's manner, "they've all gone down the river to see a prize-fight between Goliath and Samson."

"See there!" cried Xanthippe. "That's what this club makes possible. Socrates told me he was coming here to take luncheon with Carlyle, and they've both of 'em gone off to a disgusting prize-fight."

"Yes, ma'am, they have," said Richard, "and if Goliath wins, I don't think Mr. Socrates will get home this evening."

"Betting, eh?" said Xanthippe, scornfully.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Richard.

"More club!" cried Xanthippe.

"Oh no, ma'am," said Richard. "Betting is not allowed in the club. They're very strict about that; but the shore is only ten feet off, ma'am, and the gentlemen always go ashore and make their bets."

During this little colloquy Elizabeth and Ophelia were wandering about, admiring everything they saw.

"I do wish Lucretia Borgia and Calpurnia could see this. I wonder if the Cæsars are on the telephone," Elizabeth said. Investigation showed that both the Borgias and the Cæsars were on the wire, and in short order the two ladies had been made acquainted with the state of affairs at the house-boat, and as they were both quite as anxious to see the interior of the much-talked-of club-house as the others, they were not long in arriving. Furthermore, they brought with them a half a dozen more ladies, among whom were Desdemona and Cleopatra, and then began the most extraordinary session the house-boat ever knew. A meeting was called, with Elizabeth in the chair, and all the best ladies of the Stygian realms were elected members. Xanthippe, amid the greatest applause, moved that every male member of the organization be expelled, for conduct unworthy of a gentleman in attending a prize-fight, and encouraging two such horrible creatures as Goliath and Samson in their nefarious pursuits. Desdemona seconded the motion, and it was carried without a dissenting voice, although Mrs. Cæsar, with becoming dignity, merely smiled approval, not caring to take part too actively in the proceedings.

The men having thus been disposed of in a summary fashion, Richard was elected janitor in Charon's place, and the club was entirely reorganized, with Cleopatra as permanent president. The meeting then adjourned, and the invaders set about enjoying their newly acquired privileges. The smoking-room was thronged for a few moments, but, owing to the extraordinary strength of the tobacco which the faithful Richard shovelled into the furnace, it developed no enduring popularity, Xanthippe, with a suddenly acquired pallor, being the first to renounce the pastime as revolting.

So fast and furious was the enjoyment of these thirsty souls, so long deprived of their rights, that night came on without their observing it, and with the night was brought the great peril into which they were thrown, and from which at the moment of writing they had not been extricated, and which, to my regret, has cut me off for the present from any further information connected with the Associated Shades and their beautiful lounging-place. Had they not been so intent upon the inner beauties of the house-boat on the Styx, they might have observed, approaching under the shadow of the westerly shore, a long rakish craft, propelled by oars which dipped softly and silently and with trained precision in the now jet-black waters of the Styx. Manning the oars were a dozen evil-visaged ruffians, while in the stern of the approaching vessel there sat a grim-faced, weather-beaten spirit, armed to the teeth, his coat sleeves bearing the skull and cross-bones, the insignia of piracy.

This boat, stealing up the river like a thief in the night, contained Captain Kidd and his pirate crew, and their mission was a mission of vengeance. To put the matter briefly and plainly, Captain Kidd was smarting under the indignity which the club had recently put upon him. He had been unanimously blackballed, even his proposers and seconder, who had been browbeaten into nominating him for membership, voting against him.

"I may be a pirate," he cried, when he heard what the club had done, "but I have feelings, and the Associated Shades will repent their action. The time will come when they'll find that I have their club-house and they have—its debts."

It was for this purpose that the great terror of the seas had come, upon this the first favorable opportunity. Kidd knew that the house-boat was unguarded; his spies had told him that the members had every one gone to the fight, and he resolved that the time had come to act. He did not know that the fates had helped to make his vengeance all the more terrible and withering by putting the most attractive and fashionable ladies of the Stygian country likewise in his power, but so it was, and they, poor souls, whilst this fiend, relentless and cruel, was slowly approaching, sang on and danced on in blissful unconsciousness of their peril.

In less than five minutes from the time when his sinister craft rounded the bend Kidd and his crew had boarded the house-boat, cut her loose from her moorings, and in ten minutes she had sailed away into the great unknown, and with her went some of the most precious gems in the social diadem of Hades.

The rest of my story is soon told. The whole country was aroused when the crime was discovered, but up to the date of this narrative no word has been received of the missing craft and her precious cargo. Raleigh and Cæsar have had the seas scoured in search of her; Hamlet has offered his kingdom for her return; but unavailingly, and the men of Hades were cast into a gloom from which there seemed to be no relief.

Socrates alone was unaffected.

"They'll come back some day, my dear Raleigh," he said, as the knight buried his face, weeping, in his hand, "so why repine? I'll never lose my Xanthippe—permanently, that is. I know that, for I am a philosopher, and I know there is no such thing as luck; and we can start another club."

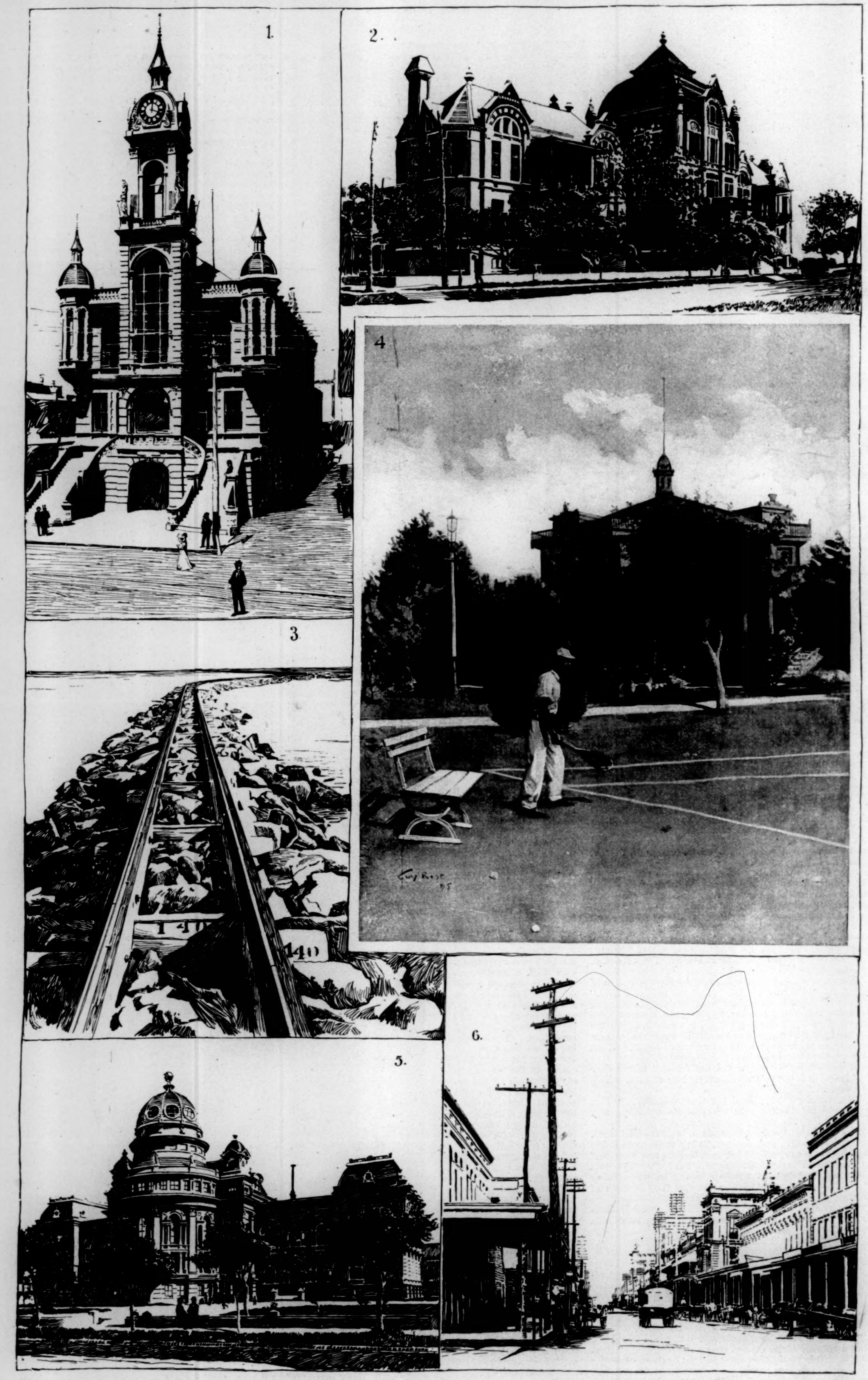
"Very likely," sighed Raleigh, wiping his eyes. "I don't mind the club so much, but to think of those poor women—"

"Oh, they're all right," returned Socrates, with a laugh. "Cæsar's wife is along, and you can't dispute the fact that she's a good chaperon. Give the ladies a chance. They've been after our club for years—now let 'em have it, and let us hope that they like it. Order me up a hemlock sour, and let's drink to their enjoyment of club life."

Which was done, and I, in spirit, drank with them, for I sincerely hope that the "New Women" of Hades are having a good time.

THE END.

"THIS BOAT, STEALING UP THE RIVER LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, CONTAINED CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS PIRATE CREW."


1.
2.
4
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140
140
Guy Rose 95
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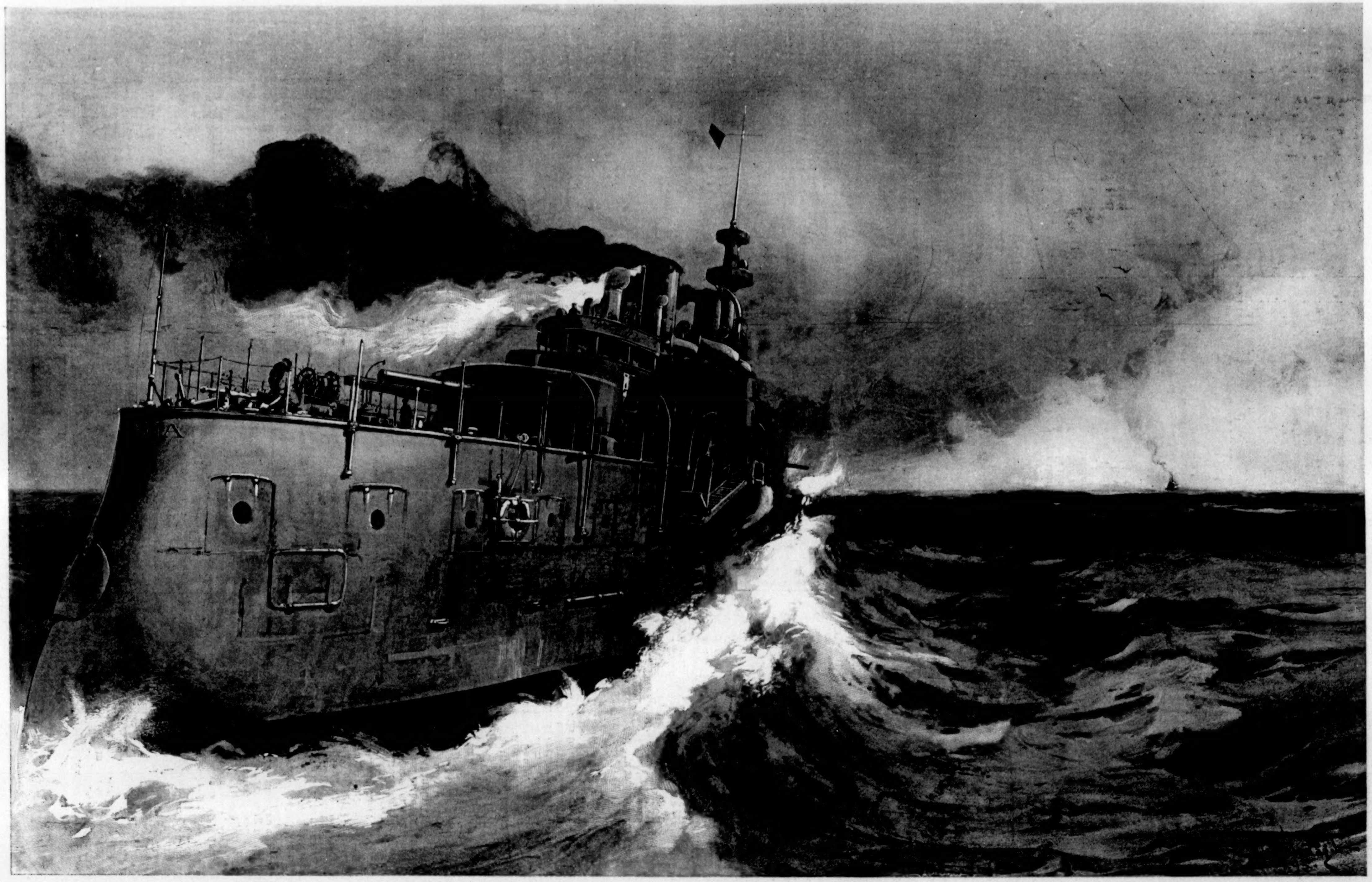
6.

JOYOUS GALVESTON.—Drawn by Guy Rose.—[See Page 1064.]

1. The City Hall. 2. The Sealy Hospital. 3. One of the Jetties. 4. The Garten Verein. 5. The Ball High-School. 6. Corner of Twentieth Street and Strand.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA" UNDER FULL SPEED ON HER TRIAL TRIP, OCTOBER 18, 1895.—DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 1061.]

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THIRD PAPER.—EXPENDITURE.

BY F. W. HEWES.

IN the first paper of this series one of the prominent reasons why the proportion of male teachers has become so small was found to be that other avenues for the employment of energy and ambition offered better remuneration for earnest men. In the second paper it appeared that the average salary of teachers (counting fifty-two weeks to the year) amounted to $5 67 per week for such male teachers as still remain in the ranks, and $4 67 for female teachers. It should, however, be stated for those readers who have not at hand the preceding paper that the average salary for the time actually employed in teaching is $44 89 per month ($11 22 per week) for male, and $36 65 per month ($9 16 per week) for female teachers.

It is a matter for praise for our corps of instructors, male and female, that for so small a wage they give so faithful and efficient service, and in all our land every friend of education heartily wishes that they might be better paid.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL SUPPORT.—The study of salaries furnished a partial index of the disposition of our population toward the public-school system. That it is only a partial index, however, is clear when it is remembered that the expenditure for teachers' salaries represents only a part of the moneys applied for educational purposes. Not only must teachers' salaries be paid; school buildings must be provided; land must be purchased on which to erect buildings; furniture, apparatus, and fuel must be supplied, and janitors' services paid for, besides other minor expenditures. In addition to all this, some States provide text-books for all pupils.

It becomes necessary, therefore, to examine the record of *total* expenditure to know whether the people of the several divisions of the country are equally generous in their support of the public-school system. The total expenditures thus taken must not be merely bare aggregate expenditures unrelated to the work accomplished. One of the best fundamental measures of expenditure is that based on the number of pupils actually attending school. A study of the question on this basis is presented in illustration No. 1. This little map shows by its circles how much money is expended per year for each pupil in each of the five grand divisions.

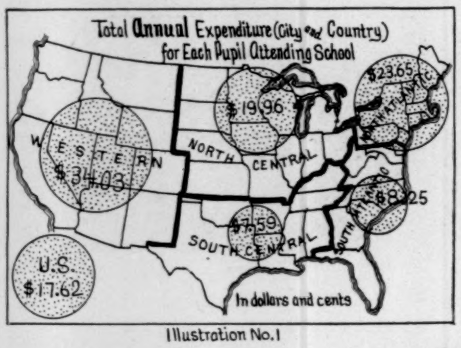


Illustration No. 1

The sizes of the circles vary so greatly that emphatic questions begin to propound themselves at once. Those readers who have at hand the second paper will notice that the relative sizes of the circles on the little map comparing teachers' salaries by divisions correspond to those on this map, only that the small circles of the two Southern divisions are relatively much smaller on this map, and that the Western circle is relatively larger on this map. These facts indicate that while the South pays smaller salaries to teachers, it also still more reduces its expenditures for other educational purposes, and that while the West pays larger salaries, yet in still greater degree it increases its expenditures for buildings and other educational provisions.

In part answer to the question emphasized by the very small Southern circles, it may be stated that the school year averages only about one hundred school days in the South Atlantic division, while it averages nearly one hundred and seventy days in the North Atlantic, or New England division: not twice as many days, but nearly three times as great expenditure. The North Central and South Central divisions are similarly related. The larger salaries paid in the North partly make up the additional expenditure indicated in the North, and the larger expenditure for buildings, furnishings, and current expenses make up the balance.

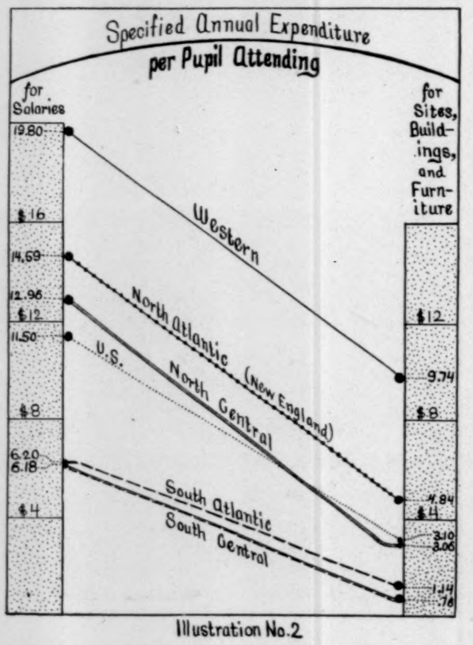


Illustration No. 2

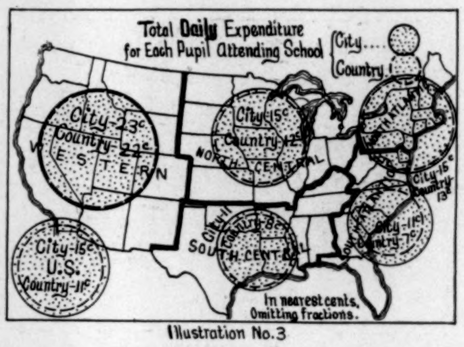


Illustration No. 3

The question suggested by the great circle in the Western division cannot be answered by this dual explanation, for the school year of the Western division is considerably shorter than that of either of the Northern divisions. The greater annual expenditure of the Western over that of the Northern divisions cannot therefore be even partly accounted for on the basis of a longer school year, and must all be accounted for by its greater expenditures for salaries, sites, buildings, furnishings, and other current expenses. Illustration No. 2 shows how much of the total expenditure per pupil goes for salaries, and how much for sites, buildings, and furniture.

The salary expenditure, as already explained, would be much more nearly equal in the North and South were the school years of equal length. The chief interest in this second illustration lies in the right-hand portion, which compares the expenditure per pupil made for school sites, buildings, and furniture. This element of expenditure has nothing to do with the length of the school year, and shows very clearly one prominent reason why the Western circle is so large; for while the expenditure for salaries is only about one-third greater in the West than in the North Atlantic division, the expenditure for buildings, etc., is more than twice as great. The limited expenditure in the two Southern divisions for the same purpose also helps to explain the reason why the circles of those two divisions are so very small in illustration No. 1.

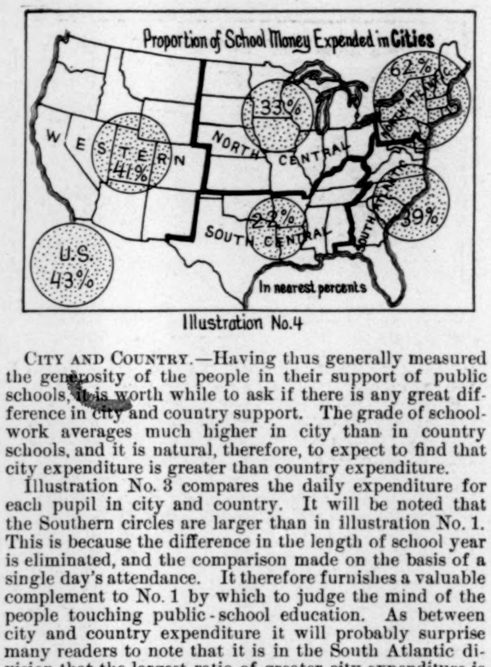


Illustration No. 4

CITY AND COUNTRY.—Having thus generally measured the generosity of the people in their support of public schools, it is worth while to ask if there is any great difference in city and country support. The grade of school-work averages much higher in city than in country schools, and it is natural, therefore, to expect to find that city expenditure is greater than country expenditure.

Illustration No. 3 compares the daily expenditure for each pupil in city and country. It will be noted that the Southern circles are larger than in illustration No. 1. This is because the difference in the length of school year is eliminated, and the comparison made on the basis of a single day's attendance. It therefore furnishes a valuable complement to No. 1 by which to judge the mind of the people touching public-school education. As between city and country expenditure it will probably surprise many readers to note that it is in the South Atlantic division that the largest ratio of greater city expenditure is found. There the city expenditure is more than fifty per cent. greater than the country expenditure, while in the North Atlantic division it is less than twenty per cent. greater, and in the Western less than five per cent. greater. The chief point of interest lies in the fact that the city expenditure is generally so little in excess of that in the rural districts, when measured by the ultimate analysis—the average expenditure for each day's actual attendance of a single pupil.

Another question naturally arising is, what proportion of the total expenditure is made in city and country? Illustration No. 4 provides the answer, and corresponds so closely to the relative proportion of city populations as to cause no surprise. Every student of population knows that the great size and number of cities in the New England division give that portion of the country a decided prominence in city population, for it is known that more than half of all the people in those States live in cities, while in the South Central division only about one-eighth live in cities. The fact that the Western division has a larger proportionate city population than the North Central may not be so generally understood.

WHY SO GREAT A DIFFERENCE?—The study of illustrations 1, 2, and 3 has emphasized the fact that, whichever way the subject is viewed, a wide difference of public-school support exists in the several divisions of the country, and important queries again present themselves as the eye goes a second time over illustration No. 3. Why does one of the Atlantic divisions expend so much more daily on each pupil, and at the same time for nearly twice as many days per year, as the other Atlantic division does? Why does the Western division expend nearly twice as much as the New England division on each day's schooling of each pupil?

It is a true saying that the harder a man works for a living, the more interest he takes in life. It is therefore worth while to learn whether the people in these several sections are working personally (locally) to sustain their schools, or whether they are merely running their schools in a formal manner on moneys coming to them from a general purse, in which there can be no element of local interest.

The records divide the moneys raised for school purposes into the following classes, according to the sources from which they are derived: (1) That received from permanent funds and rents. (2) From State taxes. (3) From local taxes. (4) From other sources. The relation which these four classes bear to each other (for the whole United States) is graphically shown by the height of the mercury as represented in the four thermometer tubes in illustration No. 5.

It is readily seen that the receipts from local taxation provide by far the larger proportion. If it be true, then, that people are more interested in those matters for which they use their own money than in those things which come to them as gifts, it is easy to understand why the people of the United States, as a whole, are so greatly alive on the subject of public instruction.

The next step is to learn how the several sections and the individual States are respectively represented in this element of local effort to supply school funds. The State map given herewith (illustration No. 6), together with its accompanying division map of "Average Local Taxation" and its "Pressure Gauge," answer this question so clearly as to be almost startling. There is small need to discuss the exhibit. It speaks so plainly as to need little interpretation. The uniformly large circles of the Northern and Western States form a remarkable contrast to the diminutive ones of the South, and this contrast is still more clearly set forth in the little map of averages below the large map.

THE PRESSURE GAUGE.—To aid the reader in comparing the several circles the percentages of the respective States are indicated on the scale-arm of a "Pressure Gauge." The question may be put in this form: How much pressure do the people put on themselves in the way of voting and raising local taxes—county, township, and district taxes—for the support of their schools? The index-pointer of the pressure gauge is given four positions in the drawing. The highest position means that the five States indicated along the pointer all register between the ninety-six per cent. and one hundred per cent. included by the little brace drawn on the scale-arm opposite the tip of the pointer. The other three positions of the pointer are to be interpreted in the same way.

Between the highest and next highest positions of the pointer (on the outside of the scale-arm) are indicated thirteen States, all registering between seventy-six per cent. and eighty-six per cent. From these explanations the plan of the pressure gauge will be easily understood and its entire record easily read.

While the map serves to show clearly the geographical distribution and general comparisons, the pressure gauge serves much more accurately to compare those States whose differences are not large, and better to understand the full force of the great differences.

THE SOUTH.—The small circles of the Southern States show that they are almost universally using State and other general moneys for the support of their schools. Their expenditures indicate that they have not yet come to feel that the public schools are their own local home institutions. Evidently they are not yet making those local efforts (personal sacrifices) which alone thoroughly arouse sympathy and enlist energy in any enterprise.

However, there is needed a word of explanation on this

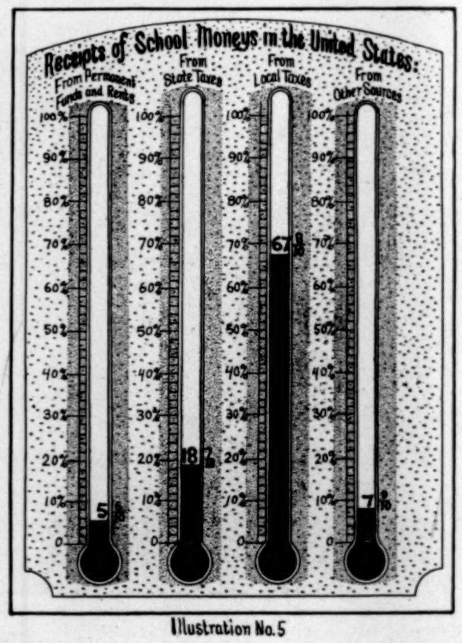
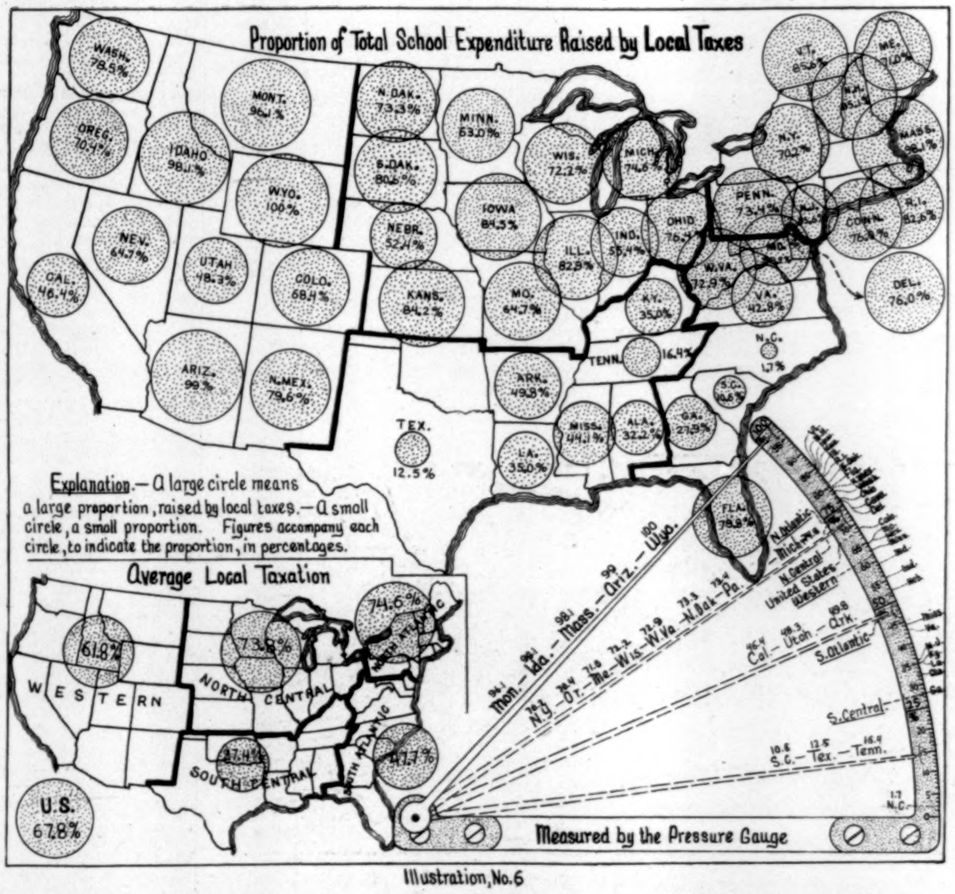


Illustration No. 5

NOTE.—The figures and facts used in the preparation of these papers are taken from the reports of the Commissioner of Education of the United States preceding the current report, which was issued after the papers were completed, and fully corroborates the conclusions reached.



Illustration, No. 6

point. It appears, from the history of the remarkable progress of the South in public-school education during the past twenty years, that most if not all of the States have labored under serious defects in their State Constitutions regarding educational matters. This is not surprising when it is recalled that previous to the civil war the South was almost absolutely without common schools, and therefore without the experience needed to adapt its new State Constitutions to public-school systems. Several of the States are yet greatly hampered by laws which almost if not quite forbid adequate local taxation for the support of schools. In many localities public opinion on this point is far ahead of legal possibilities.

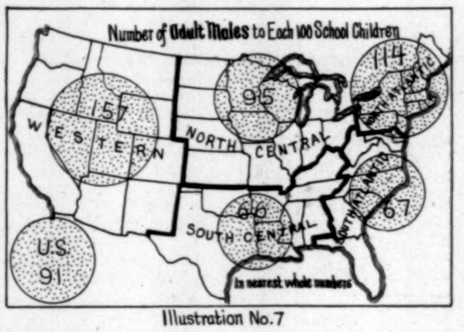


Illustration No. 7

Experience has taught that there is a proper proportion to be observed between local and State taxation, and while the Southern people are petitioning their State Legislatures for laws to enable them to raise a larger local tax for schools, the people of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and other Northern States, having felt the evils of greatly unequal burdens from almost exclusively local taxation, are moving carefully in the opposite direction.

Male Adults.—Another feature of Southern support is brought to light in next to the last report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States, which has heretofore been overlooked. It is well known that families in the Eastern section of the United States average fewer persons than in other sections, and that in the mining regions of the West there is a large percentage of male adults who are not members of resident families. In those two sections, therefore, the proportion of children to the adult population is smaller than in the other portions of the country.

This being true, it occurs that those sections have a proportionate advantage in their ability to raise the necessary moneys for school support. For example: if a State or section has one hundred male adults (wage-earners or producers) for each one hundred school-children, it would evidently be easier for those one hundred wage-earners to school one hundred children, than if there were fewer wage-earners to each one hundred children. Illustration No. 7 shows the distribution of male adults in the several divisions of the country.

The figures printed with the largest circle (Western division) show that for each one hundred school-children—children from five to eighteen years of age—there are nearly one hundred and fifty-seven (156.7) male adults, while in the South Central division there are but sixty-six (65.9). It is evident that one hundred and fifty-seven men can more easily school one hundred children than sixty-six can.

When it is remembered that of the sixty-six a large proportion are colored men, and that all of them live in the South, where the wage rate is much smaller than in the West, the fact becomes more impressive still. It is therefore much more to the credit of the South that its progress has been made under so serious limitations. In view of these facts it is but just that a large share of the blame which a consideration of the distribution of local taxes seemed logically to put upon the South should be dismissed from the reader's mind.

History.—The study of salaries brought out an interesting fact, related to the varying financial conditions of the country from 1870 to 1880, as compared with the decade 1880–90. It is worth while to extend that feature of this inquiry by examining the historical record of total expenditure. Perhaps the most effectual comparison for this purpose is that of the average total expenditure for each pupil year by year. This comparison (illustration No. 8) is presented herewith in the form of a historical diagram covering the twenty-two years from 1870 to 1891, inclusive.

The several lines of dots crossing this diagram show how true is the assertion made in the study of "salaries" (second paper of this series) that all sections of the country felt the stress of the "panic period" in regard to school support.

The records of the Western and Northern divisions (the three upper lines of dots) show the effect of the panic in common by a cessation of the annual increase preceding 1873. Following that date, the Western division (the highest line of dots) reduced its expenditure in 1874, but more than made amends by the increase of the two following years. The fourth year of the panic (1877) it shows another loss, but the fifth an increase. It then seems to give up the fight, and 1880 finds it, in common with all the other divisions, at a lower point than any year since. The North Atlantic or New England division (the next lower line of dots) gave up the battle in 1876, and the North Central in 1877. The average for the whole country (the line of large dots), however, shows the resultant effect of the panic throughout the whole period.

The two Southern Divisions.—The record of the two Southern divisions (the lower two lines of dots) is very noticeable in the fact that they were both reducing their expenditure rapidly previous to the panic. This does not mean that the South was expending less money, as a whole, on public schools. It means rather that the wonderful increase of school enrolment in the South from 1870 on was so very great as necessarily to make the annual amount expended for each pupil a decreasing one.* As the enrolment continued to increase rapidly in those sections throughout the entire period covered by the diagram, it is the more surprising that the two Southern divisions could even overtake the necessary decrease of expenditure per pupil in 1880, and more than hold a level since that date.

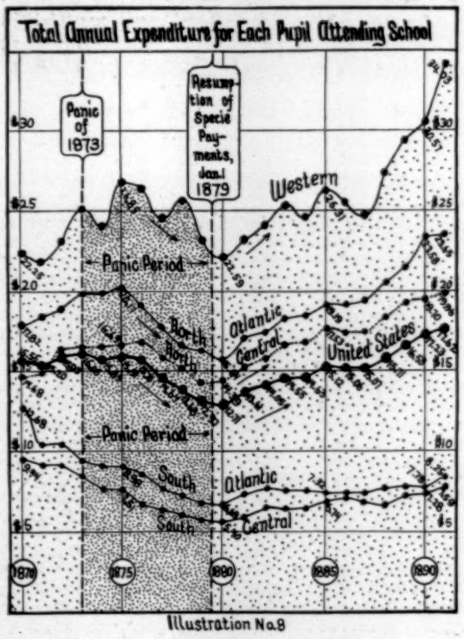


Illustration No. 8

The 1880 Date.—The year 1880 is the most remarkable of any presented in the diagram. It is seen to be a turning-point for every one of the recording lines of dots, showing very graphically the uninterrupted improvement from that date forward in all divisions.

Another interesting feature of this diagram is the striking comparison of the amounts expended on each pupil in the several sections. It is a long distance from the lowest to the highest line of dots, and the distance increases as the years go by. It is comparatively but a little distance from the foot of the diagram (which means zero) to the two lower lines, and is a very long distance from the foot of the diagram to the highest line; and it should be carefully kept in mind that the position of each of these lines is to be judged by its distance from the foot of the diagram.

Conclusion.—While much credit has justly been accorded to the South for its excellent record under adverse conditions, it yet remains true that it has a long hill to climb before it shall approach the other divisions of the country in its school expenditure. By the same token, the historical diagram (illustration No. 8) shows that the Middle Northern and the New England divisions have a good long reach to make before their generous expenditure shall equal that of the energetic West.

In the mean time every friend and well-wisher of our public schools is gratified to see, in the upward course of all lines on the diagram since 1880, evidence of real progress, and heartily hopes it may continue until no element of national expenditure shall find greater favor than that for common schools.

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* The reader is referred to a special diagram published in Harper's Weekly, February 10, 1894, showing the history of enrolment from 1870 to 1890.

HALLOWEEN.

Now, when the owl makes wild ado,
With his sad *tu-whit to-who,*
'Tis the night for eerie things,
When shadows from unearthly wings
Born in umbrageous solitude
Gloom the meadow and the wood.

But still around the rustic fire,
In spite of spirits dark and dire,
Is heard a joyful, frolic noise
Of half a score of girls and boys
Over the nut and apple games
Commingled with their mated names.

Others—although the chimney roars
Its ancient welcome—out-of-doors
Run to the oat-stack or the barn;
Untwisting, some, a ball of yarn;
Or seeking in the spectral brook
Some telltale apparition's look.

No end of schemes were there of old
By which Love's tender charms were told;
And still may fairies intervene
To bless the fates of *Halloween.*

Joel Benton.

LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND WAR-OFFICE REFORM.

The past career of any man must furnish the standard by which to gauge his abilities and to estimate his capacity for the discharge of future responsibility. Field-Marshal Wolseley has just passed his sixty-second birthday; he is therefore fourteen years younger than his predecessor, who was born in 1819. Were he an American general he would now be counting the months and days to elapse before he became entitled to the relief that retirement grants, or, as some would have it, before he retired to oblivion. In the English service, however, for the highest general officers, there is no such thing as legal retirement from active service at an attained age. The assignment to his new command is for a period of five years—long enough for this man of action to leave his impress upon the army of Britain.

A sketch of the military career of this very interesting character may not be out of place. Expressed in the form familiar to Americans in public notices of their generals it would run about as follows:

Born in 1833. Appointed Ensign Eightieth Foot, March, 1852.

1852–3.—Served in the Burmah campaign against the robber-chief Myat-toon. Participated in two assaults on a defensive position. Was severely wounded. Awarded a medal. Invalided home.

1854–6.—Lieutenant Ninetieth Foot. Served on engineering duty in the trenches before Sevastopol. Participated in the assault and capture of "The Quarries," and later in a sortie, when he was very dangerously wounded. Was mentioned in despatches. Promoted to Captain and Brevet-Major. Received a medal. Decorated by the Emperor of the French and the Sultan of Turkey. Recovered from his wounds, and served later in the Crimean campaign on quartermaster duty with the French army.

1857–9.—Captain and Brevet Major. Served in India against sepoy mutineers. Present and participated in two assaults, relief of Lucknow, battle of Alum-Bagh, capture of Lucknow, and later acted as Quartermaster with field columns. Repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was recommended for the Victoria Cross. Received medal. Promoted to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

1860.—Served in China on quartermaster duty. Participated in assault on the Taku forts and the capture of Peking. Promoted to full Major Ninetieth Foot.

1861.—On routine staff duty in England.

1862–3.—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. Was ordered to Canada, with a view to active employment against the

United States, expected to result from the seizure of Mason and Slidell, but their surrender prevented hostilities. While on leave of absence ran the blockade of the lower Potomac just after Antietam; joined the Confederate army under General Lee. Published an account of his visit in the January number of *Blackwood*, over the *nom de plume* of "An English Officer."

1864–9.—As Brevet-Colonel continued on duty in Canada as Quartermaster.

1870.—With local rank of Major-General, had the independent command (his first) of the Red River expedition, a force of three battalions. This campaign ended in the flight of the rebel Riel, and no blood was shed. The moving of this force and its supplies by boats through the wilderness of forest, swamp, portages, and cataracts from Port Arthur to Fort Garry reflects great credit upon its commander. Received the decoration Knight of St. Michael and St. George, also Companion of the Bath. Declined a baronetcy and higher decoration of the Bath.

1870–2.—Served on quartermaster duty in Canada; made the dispositions for repelling an expected Fenian raid from Buffalo.

1873.—As Major-General, was appointed Governor of the Gold Coast and commander of the Ashantee expedition—2500 British troops. Fought the battles of Amoaful and Coomassie. Captured King Coffee. Received the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000, the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, decoration Knight of the Bath, a medal, freedom of the City of London, and a sword of honor from that municipality. Was promoted to Lieutenant-General "for distinguished service in the field."

1874.—Served in England as Inspector-General of the auxiliary forces.

1875.—With local rank of General, was appointed Governor of Natal. Reconciled the difficulties between the colonists and the government, and secured the adoption of the new constitution for that colony.

1876–7.—Served in England as Inspector-General. Appointed a member of the Privy Council of India.

1878–9.—Appointed Chief of Staff to the expeditionary army formed for the expected war with Russia. The war-cloud was dispelled, and through Beaconfield's stroke Cyprus was annexed. He was appointed High Commissioner, Colony of Cyprus, and Commander-in-Chief of the troops.

1879.—Resumed inspection duty in War Office.

1879–81.—Appointed General-in-Chief of the forces in South Africa, completed the subjugation of the Zulus, captured Sikukuni, and accomplished the annexation of the Transvaal. Received the Grand Cross of the Bath.

1882.—As General, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the expedition to Egypt against Arabi Pasha, who had rebelled against the Sultan. Defeated the Egyptians in several minor engagements, and overthrew them completely at Tel-el-Kebir, capturing all their guns (15,000 British troops, his largest command in battle, against 30,000 of the enemy). Captured Cairo. Received the thanks of Parliament. Was raised to the peerage as Baron Wolseley of Cairo and Wolseley. Promoted to full General "for distinguished service in the field." Given a medal of honor and decoration by the Sultan of Turkey, and another by the Khedive.

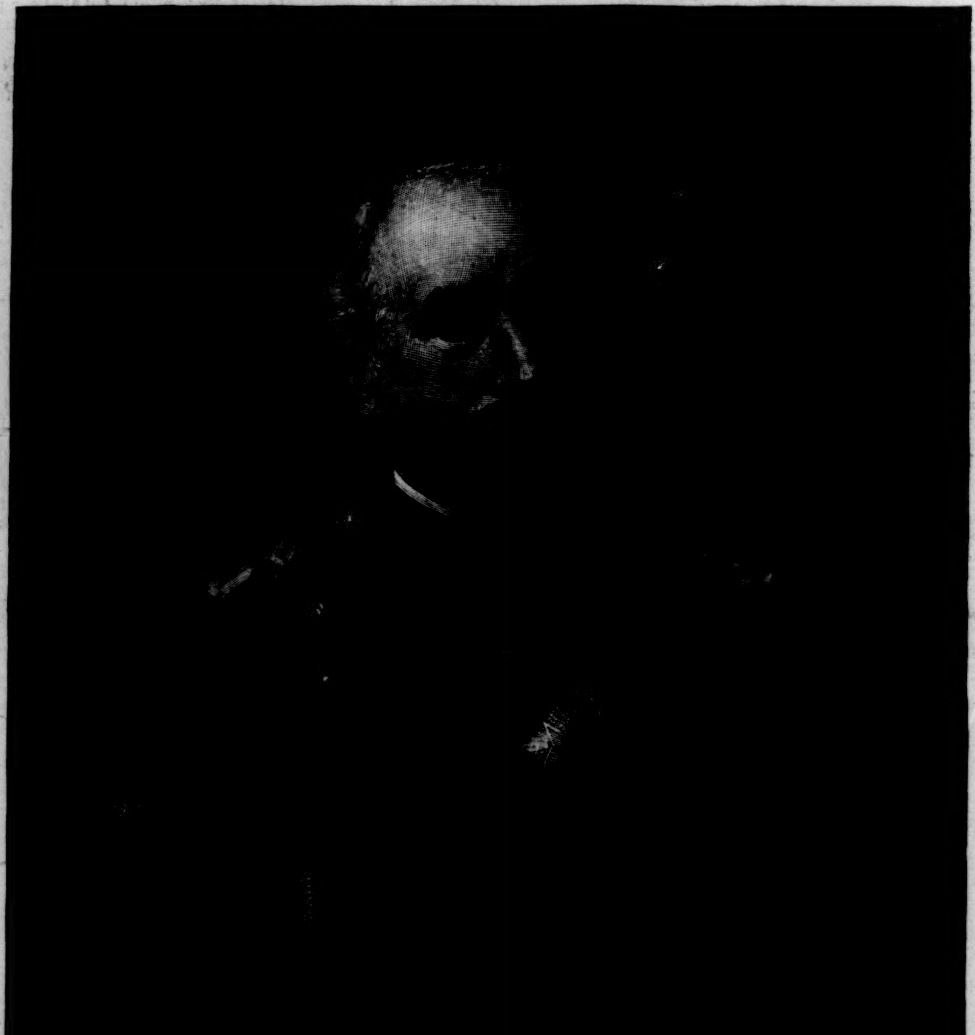
1884–5.—As General, commanded the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon, which failed in its object. Had several actions with the Mahdists. Was raised to a Viscount in the peerage.

1885–90.—Adjutant-General of the British army. Against strong opposition, especially of the Duke of Cambridge, carried into effect several army reforms.

1890–5.—Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland. Promoted to Field-Marshal in 1894. Knight of St. Patrick. D.C.L. of University of Cambridge.

The announcement of the appointment of Lord Wolseley has been received with general approbation, many going so far as to take *Punch* seriously in its reference to him as "Our Only General." There are a few who see on the other side of the picture "One Other General," but when it is attempted to find agreement among this minority as to who is the "Other," a half-dozen names are mentioned.

The coming man is certainly the first soldier in England, in every way competent and qualified for his new duties.



VISCOUNT WOLSELEY,

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

No other general has had such varied experience and has always acquitted himself so creditably; but he has had, and still has, his detractors. No strong man in public life is without these. The late Sir Edwin Hamley depreciated him, and Sir George Chesney cannot abide the man, for he cannot write elegant English; but the Duke of Cambridge sneers at him because he *is* a writing general. His success in five campaigns, where he had full control, is belittled by these men, or ascribed to luck. The Red River business was a promenade that would be a pastime for the Alpine Club. The campaign against King Coffee was an African exploration, the most useful munition of war being quinine. Arabi Pasha's position was carried with "gilded bayonets," *i. e.*, bribery. Some of his envious detractors derive great glee from the story told of the French colonel, who saw the action, and who, when appealed to to decide a bet as to which was the most efficient corps at Tel-el-Kebir, exhibiting a British sovereign bearing the representation of St. George astride a dragon, replied that *La Cavalerie de Saint Georges* was the most efficient corps. The failure of the Nile campaign—to rescue Gordon—was pointed at as proof positive of Sir Garnet's incapacity. Then he was said to be a *pushing* man, surrounding himself with a ring of sycophants, who exalted his prowess, set him up for adoration, and insisted on obeisance.

Lord Garnet has had his full share of abuse, but not often has he deigned a reply, and this silence exasperated his assailants. The fact is, he has rested his case on his record, relying upon the inborn sense of justice of his countrymen to do him justice, and he has not leaned on a bending reed.

The early career of the new Commander-in-Chief was highly creditable, though not more so than the careers of many other young officers. In about ten years he rose to a Major, and won two brevets for gallantry in action. While exercising independent command he has been uniformly and even brilliantly successful, which is more than can be said for all of his contemporaries in command. Had Mr. Gladstone heeded Lord Wolseley's advice and given the word earlier to embark the troops for the Nile, Gordon would probably be alive to-day.

The new Commander-in-Chief has graduated in about every branch of the military service, and has shown marked ability as an administrator of civil affairs. Though classed in the Army List as a General of Infantry, he has served as an Engineer, Quartermaster, Adjutant, Inspector, reaching the highest rank in each department. No other British general has commanded so large a force in war—some 45,000 men in Egypt. Lord Roberts is perhaps a close second, but his experience has not been so varied nor his achievements so numerous.

Had Lord Rosebery's government continued in power, the Duke of Connaught would have been chosen to succeed his Royal Highness as Commander-in-Chief. It is said the Queen's heart was set upon retaining the office in the family. Some now assert that Wolseley is only to hold the place for a brief period—a sort of *locum tenens*, as it were—in a year or two to step aside for the Royal Prince, but there is probably nothing in this. Had such been the programme the Duke of Cambridge would have been gratified in his wish to "round out his career" by making his term full forty years. The Ministry could only be induced to grant a month's reprieve in the execution of the sentence, and the scoffers insinuate that his final inspection trip for taking leave is only a round of funeral obsequies. Two reforms have been mentioned upon which the new commander's heart is set. First, a *General Staff* for the army, that shall do for Britain what Moltke did for Prussia; and second, universal military service, that is, *conscription*.

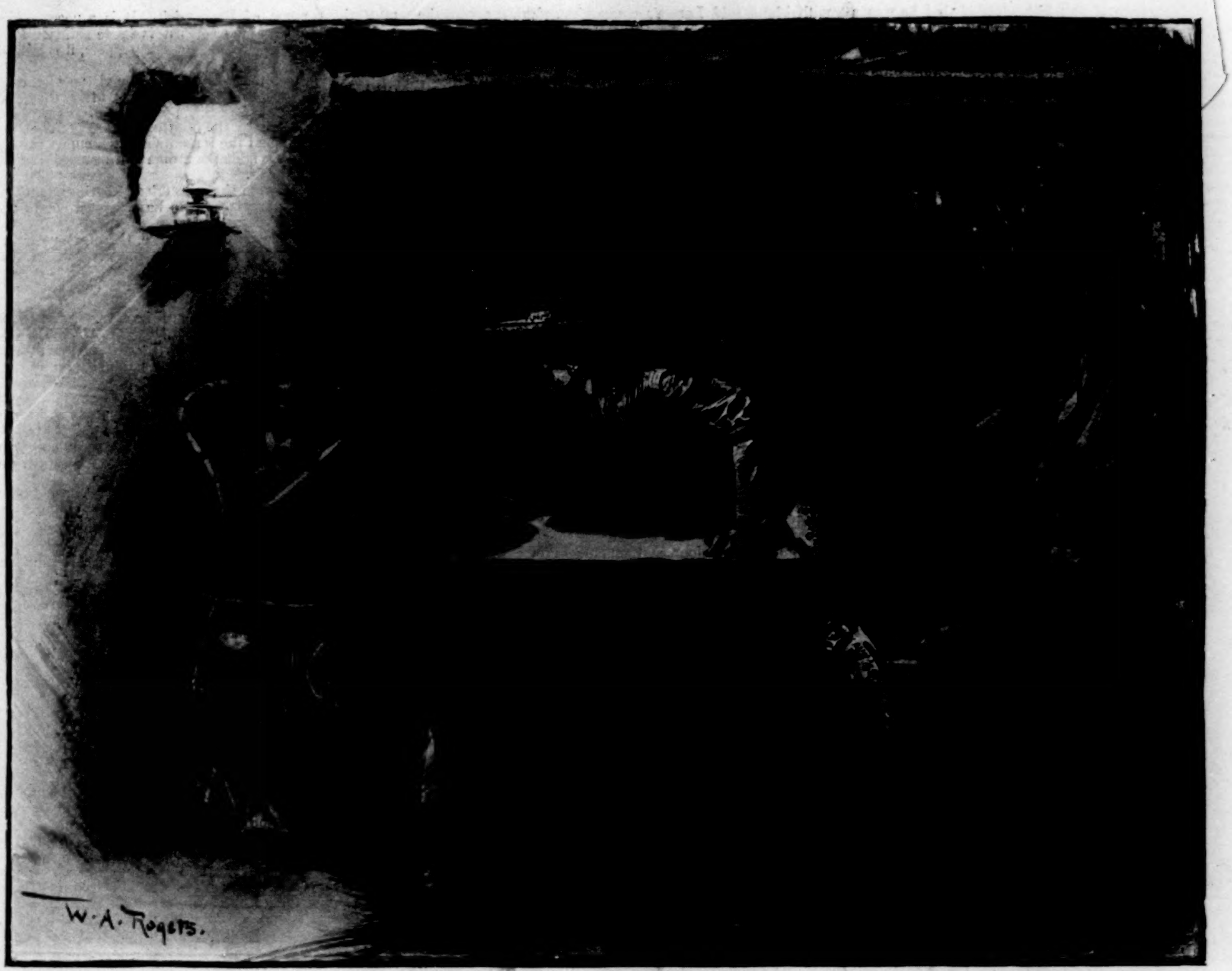
There is no present thought of materially increasing the armed strength of the empire, but it is urged that the British forces can never be on an equality with Continental armies of equal size unless all able-bodied Englishmen are obliged to serve the state for a brief period, and that the military policy of the empire should be controlled by a staff that—allowed a certain appropriation by Parliament for a specified force—shall have absolute and complete control of the details. A Ministry that proposed such a measure would be very short-lived. Probably Lord Wolseley does not expect to accomplish this radical change now—he can wait; but he never misses an opportunity of impressing upon his countrymen that the safety of Britain cannot be insured by the navy alone. He is quite willing to admit that the sea force is a "dominant partner" in defence, but he maintains that an invasion, with a Battle of Dorking, is not a chimera. The protection of England will not be satisfactory until there is available a force of at least 75,000 regular troops and three times as many reserves and militia, all organized and trained in the most efficient manner. He goes so far as to cry wolf at the suggestion of a tunnel at Dover.

Among veterans of our civil war there is a feeling that as respects that conflict Lord Wolseley was prejudiced and unfair. When he found he had misjudged, misrepresented, and vilified the Union army, he was too proud or conceited to admit his error. In other words, that he has never made sufficient amends for his violent denunciations of American soldiers, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1863. In his review of the "Century War Papers," published in the *North American Review*, May to December, 1889, he makes admission that "our impressions of the facts as we received them at the moment required to be corrected by subsequent investigations." This can hardly be accepted as sufficient amends for such remarks as the following, characterizing the Union army (which, by-the-way, he had never seen) as "local military autocrats, evincing a barbarity of conduct disgraceful to any nation claiming English descent.... Mob of half a million men.... Military despots.... Mutinous rabble.... Mobs of Irish and German mercenaries," etc., etc.

The series of *North American Review* articles closes with a paragraph expressive of his great admiration for Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. "How modest, how wise, how generous, how large in their views, and how grandly patriotic, as each understood patriotism!" This "broad impression" he says he formed at the time the war was in progress, and is one that did not require to be "corrected by subsequent investigations." Yet in 1863 he wrote in *Blackwood's*, "vile faction that sits in Washington in the name of government," and, "The United States is striving under the dictatorship of an insignificant lawyer to crush out the freedom of" the South.

A full confession is a prerequisite of absolution. Can Americans be blamed for withholding forgiveness?

AN AMERICAN OFFICER.



"'I'LL GIVE THAT BLOODY KNIFE TO SEÑORA MAESE'S COUNSEL, AND'—SNAPPING HIS FINGERS CONTEMPTUOUSLY—'YOU'LL BE SHOT.'"

'CENSION.*

BY MAUD MASON AUSTIN.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

III.

NEXT morning Eduardo Lerma presented himself, yearning for a sight of her face. 'Cension trembled as if it was a question of life or death to her as she asked him if he had not seen her in the amphitheatre *ayer*. He told his lie with composure. She believed him, in the natural simplicity of her heart. Seen her? Of course he had seen her; but how was he to have had the moral courage to attach himself to this little dowdy (alas, for the dreams of the lavender print!) country girl, even if she were beautiful as a houri, with Jesusita Barassa's black eyes always upon him?

"The odium of deception falls upon the deceiver, not the deceived." One need not declare that this man enjoyed lying. He hardly seemed like those strange ones of the genus *homo* who really prefer telling a lie when the truth would serve as well. He believed in little; if he had any theory of life, it was that the world consisted of wolves and lambs, and one must make his choice of the flock to which he would belong. When it served his purpose to lie or to deceive, he did it boldly and well, as only such creatures can.

"I enjoyed nothing of yesterday's doings, since I missed seeing you," he went on, dejectedly, enjoying the rosy blush the words brought to her face. He was not unlike the Spanish surgeon who used to stab people in the street, then hasten to succor them with all the resources of his art. It would be unpardonable for such a practitioner to forget his lint or mislay his bandages. Lerma enjoyed each wound and antidote he gave this frank creature, playing with her confidence as a child would turn a piece of Labrador spar, delighted at the gorgeous colors thrown from its lustreless angles.

They were standing in the *patio*. It seemed to Eduardo that the girl's beauty glowed and ripened like the tints of the autumn. He watched her movements as she waved her hand at a drowsy bee that sailed too near. All at once he felt that even for Jesusita Barassa he could not loose this perfect creature! A shameful, cruel inspiration came to him; perhaps not a sudden one.

"Why can we not go to Ysleta now, 'Cension?" he asked, caressingly. She was surprised—puzzled.

"Father Salvini has gone to Las Cruces. We could not be married now. You know that I wish no other priest to bless us." She looked at him earnestly.

"'Cension! you love me, do you not? And love is all, anyway," he answered, watching her narrowly, and using the selfsame words that have been used the world over by such as he. "I would have you for my own, let the *padre* go where he will." He finished rather lamely, looking attentively at the tapering brown fingers he held.

The poison of the suggestion passed over the innocent heart like the trailing raindrops on the holly leaf, which shows no dampness, but only an added polish, from their passing.

"Pablo would not like me to go to Ysleta unless he went too."

At the mention of her brother's name a change came over the tempter's face.

"Eduardo," she went on, softly, "I hate to see you care so little for the Church. You speak so lightly of the sacraments—and Padre Salvini says marriage is the holiest of them all."

The callous man standing there felt his hideous designs rebound upon himself with a strange sensation.

"Why do you look at me so, Eduardo? You do not doubt that I love you? Ah, dear heart, you could never do that. When the priest gave us his blessing in the dear church, I felt how happy, how very happy, I would be always. I sometimes fear my great love displeases the saints. Sometimes I feel that they are not smiling upon me. It is so strange that you care about me, Eduardo! I am such a simple girl, and you—you are so grand."

He was silent. He dared not tell her that by right of her beauty and purity he was compared to her as things of darkness to the brightest of God's creations. So he led the conversation into other channels—spoke of the *baile* at the Teatro Juarez on Tuesday evening, a part of the festivities in Paso del Norte—and took his departure, feeling far from satisfied with himself.

He cursed himself as he rode along because he could not give up all thought of the girl he left standing there in the September sunlight. But the trustfulness of the nature he was dealing with was incomprehensible to his own. A doubt flashed over him that perhaps her apparent innocence was only a woman's trick of affecting to believe—a bit of feminine craft, "that," he said to himself, with spiteful malignity, "they all trade upon as long as they are young and good-looking," and that she *did* understand! He was morbidly anxious and uneasy, for all his self-assurance, and, not unlike the gambling husband whose courtesies to his wife are the measure of his luck at play, the discouraging nature of the late interview made him sneer at the trustfulness that was yet so difficult to manipulate. Well, one thing was certain: Pablo Dorantes would hunt him down if he kept up this thing. Dorantes might even now be making "inquiries." By all the saints, that—that would not do! He must bring things to a crisis with Jesusita, and leave these parts.

Jesusita was shrewd, quick-witted, daring—just the wife he needed. An ugly smile came over his face as he thought that Jesusita's scruples about "holy sacraments" would not interfere with his plans, and he sealed her doom as he rode along. What was a woman more or less? Jesusita was desperately in love with his precious self. He had taken care that she should be, and Paso del Norte might soon be on the alert.

Crossing the main *acequia* in the centre of the town, Eduardo turned to the right. He tied his horse to a post, and tapped with his riding-whip upon a heavy closed door, flanked on either side by barred windows which opened directly on the street. Jesusita did not keep him waiting long. She came hastily toward him in the half-light that filtered through the narrow, deep-set windows.

Jesusita Barassa was as good-looking as the average girl in her set. She did not lack for attention at the frequent *bailes*, and was, besides, blessed with a good intellect, and attractiveness much above the average. She greeted Lerma enthusiastically, and smiled and chatted in a happy, abandoned fashion that might well justify that gentleman in his feelings of security about her regard for himself.

"I thought you must be at the plaza hearing the orations this morning," she said. "We are all going over to El Paso this afternoon, after the concert. I expected we might come upon you there; we can return in time for the fireworks," and she smiled pointedly.

"No," he answered; "I have been down in the country this morning;" and up came another comparison—the lovely tinted cream face and wonderful hazel eyes of 'Cension.

"Why not join us, then?"

"Perhaps I may; certainly I shall if you wish it," and Jesusita was pleased at his evident submission to her sway. The male heart is a tough piece of anatomy, and requires a good deal of manipulation to make it manageable. But every woman thinks it easily done in the halcyon days of love.

"Will we not do anything for one we love?" he questioned, looking steadily into her eyes. His was not a young face—not a face to be trusted, unless Dame Nature had erred grievously in the markings there. He must have counted at least thirty-eight birthdays, but this girl's eyes fell before his as she thought how handsome, how delightful he was.

She answered, without looking up, "Yes, anything, if one love truly."

"Would you go—anywhere that he should wish, Jesusita, with the man you loved?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"To the ends of the earth—with him," and there was a very conscious look on her face as she said it.

"But if he had enemies, and they told you dreadful things of him, even if you felt yourself that he was a weak fellow?" and he drew nearer to her, and looked intently into her face.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2027.

She seemed almost nervous, as she answered quickly.

"But, Eduardo, there is—there is nothing that I could fear that they could tell me of you, unless it was that you did not love me," she said, discarding his half-mysterious pronouns. "I fear nothing while you love me. As for your acts—while I might grieve over your faults," and a troubled look passed over her face, "I could not desert you. No, Eduardo, it is done. I love you now; all the rest cannot much matter." She put both hands out to him, and sudden tears filled her eyes.

Neither dared put into words this something of which he was guilty and she cognizant. He was uncertain as to "how much she knew," but very certain now that it would not separate her from him—if he chose to take her.

Why did he determine to sacrifice this girl? He evidently did not love her with the mad passion which filled him for 'Cension's beauty. She adored him: perhaps that was reason enough.

Jesusita was not over-scrupulous, nor burdened with an undue share of respect for the Mother-Church, as Eduardo very justly argued. But she was far from being a bad woman. She was simply a self-willed, passionate woman, like half of her sex, who if meeting no great temptation will go to their graves harmless, almost sinless women. When a stumbling-block rises in their pathway they know not how to brook the obstacle, and in a reckless moment dare to leap—and fall. Jesusita—she was only twenty—would have been more shocked than innocent 'Cension, if she had understood, at a proposition made to her like that made to 'Cension that morning. She would have understood its meaning, and shrunk from its consequences. Clinging to him even when she knew him to be guilty of crime, she would yet be as far from yielding to sin as 'Cension. The one's knowledge on the one side was perhaps as great a safeguard as the other's innocence.

As the prearranged party boarded the horse-cars for El Paso that afternoon Lerma did not feel more comfortable for seeing Pablo Dorantes come out of Señor Herara's office; for that gentleman believed, with the *alcalde*, that others besides the two convicted post-office officials had had a hand in those recent robberies. He had furthermore boldly declared his determination to ferret the culprits out.

Lerma felt a stronger admonisher of the morning whispering him that delays might be dangerous. He devoted himself more assiduously to Jesusita than ever before, and left her at home that night with a heart beating high with hope and love.

What need to trouble one's self with the eternal possibilities? One can take the world with its company clothes on, and need never see it in *dishabille*. Life has two sides, and one must contrive to spin the coin so that the face of the metal will come uppermost. Such was Jesusita's creed, and she was one who might have skill in the spinning, but she underestimated the importance of "heads or tails" in the result. She looked no further than the hour's fulfilment, and when the obstacle would arise in her pathway she would leap—with the usual result. Nature produces both the deadly nightshade and the succulent berry, and leaves for us to choose whether we will seek our nutriment in the tangled wild growth or in the sunny meadows.

IV.

At ten o'clock that night Eduardo Lerma tapped mysteriously at a little board door in one of those half-houses, half-dugouts built under the hill-side beyond the church. He was admitted by a red-eyed, ancient specimen of mankind, who mumbled a few words, lifted a blanket partition, disclosing another room, and motioned the visitor to enter. Lerma stooped his broad shoulders and disappeared, the soiled hanging falling again into place.

The sound of voices within kept up a continuous murmur that the miserable old creature in the front did not seem to notice. With his deformed back for capital, he had all day, like "Bartimeus by the way-side, begged his bread disconsolate"—and three *tortillas* had been his collection. What bread is to us, rice to the Chinaman, poi to the Hawaiian, *tortilla* is to the Mexican; and this wretched semblance of a human creature expected nothing more of the world he lived in than a few of these leathery life-sustainers.

"There is nothing new?" Lerma was asking.

"Nothing, señor," answered the heavy-set, heavy-jawed man across the plank table. "There is no reason to feel uneasy. How could your señorita have learned of your part in the job?"

"Don't speak so loud," commanded Lerma, looking nervously around. "*Jesucristo* only knows, but she does. But I have no fear from that quarter," he went on, as he drummed softly on the table.

There was a wicked look of hate on the other's heavy face as he watched his complacent accomplice.

"She may squeal; may put it down your thievish throat in a way you won't like," he blurted out, scowling at the other.

"The only thing that beats your courage is your candor," answered Lerma, with a dark look. "Don't mention her again," he added, darkly, "but tell me what Fleury said when you got into his cell."

"He said you need not be afraid; that he wouldn't 'wink.' That he felt almost relieved now that they had caught him again, and that he had been a fool to escape."

"Fool! He was a bigger fool to go to Chuviscar, where Garvaldon had such a good chance to take them," commented Lerma.

"Secretary Rojas told them that sentence would not be passed before next month."

"Well, I'll take care not to be here," chuckled Lerma, "for the poor devils will find it hard not to have me scooped in too."

"He said to-day that if you hadn't sent me to *la tienda Londres* with that last haul of diamonds he gave you, and told that gag about their having been sent from Guadalajara, they would not have suspected him yet."

"He lies!" exclaimed Lerma, excitedly. "It would have come all right if he hadn't hidden those stones in his room, where he was idiot enough to keep them against my advice. He deserves the fifteen years he'll get for being such a fool as to let them find them there."

"He may not be fool enough to take the fifteen years by himself, when others could so easily be made to go with him," said Lerma's companion, glaring across the dirty table.

"Look here, Eleno Telles," cried Lerma, getting to his feet, "for a man who kills helpless widows and knows another holds the guilty knife, you presume on that other's goodness when you talk to him like this. I'll give that bloody knife to Señora Maese's counsel, and"—snapping his fingers contemptuously—"you'll be shot."

"Sit down, my fine friend. I don't think you will trot out that knife. We have even scores."

Lerma sank back into his chair. How he would like to throttle this fellow. Not only for his complicity, but from pure malice. The world has scores of unprincipled fellows who, when their own ends are gained, are tolerably indifferent about the rest of humanity. They even at times have their little moods of generosity, when they will help a fellow-blackguard or a beggar, and actually seem good-natured and kind after a fashion; but Lerma, "swimming for his life, would like to crack the fellow fatally on the head that swam alongside of him." Feeling the practised skill that intercourse with crime confers, he hated sharing either craft or spoils. Such fellows almost destroy the long-treasured belief that there is no heart so depraved that it has no redeeming trait.

A shrewd observer says, when one carries a load with another man it is not always easy to believe that the other "totes fair." If he shows signs of weariness or exhaustion, we inveigh against him as good for nothing; if he steps along jauntily and briskly, while we feel done up, we are convinced that he is shirking or cheating. A divided guilt is a harder burden to carry together in faith than any other.

Later, when Lerma came out of the inner room, he looked scornfully at the old watcher dozing on his haunches by the door, and touching him with his foot, said, sarcastically, "Wake up, my prince, and open the door," and as he struggled to his feet he threw two *tlacos* on the dirt floor, saying, gruffly, "There's for your *tortillas*," and stepped out impatiently as the poor creature commenced mumbling extravagant thanks.

As he passed the barred windows of the post-office he glanced in, and snapped his fingers airily at the dim light within. "When the cute ones were on the inside, bars did not much matter," he soliloquized, smiling a smile that neither 'Cension nor Jesusita had ever seen on the handsome face.

He fell to wondering how the latter had ever discovered his light-fingered occupation. Shrewd as was this man's reckoning, he could not know that Jesusita had suspected, surmised, had put two and two together, and by a woman's innuendoes gathered the truth for herself from his own lips and manner. But if he thought she knew anything of his life before he came to Paso del Norte, of any other but this one transaction, he was mistaken. She knew nothing. How should she?

Perhaps if she had, she might have done differently. Who knows? Women are queer creatures, and sometimes seem willing to give up, even do give up, all that they are supposed to hold dearest and best on what seems to the unbiassed observer to be the smallest provocation. Scores of women, we note with sorrow, seem to like publicity, and prefer notoriety for scandal rather than be only unnoticed models of virtue.

Perhaps even jealousy of 'Cension might have given the one straw's weight necessary to have decided Jesusita's fate; but she did not know that Eduardo knew the girl. No, it was not jealous rage, or a thorough understanding of the object's worthlessness, which actually does seem to influence some unhappy specimens of women. Nor yet was it a woman's unseemly yearning after the forbidden or sin-cursed that influenced this girl in the final test. It was what she believed to be her heart's love, pure and simple; and nothing more wicked was in her heart than a woman's unwillingness to see the unworthy in her heart's desire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GEORGIA BARBECUE.

WHEN Julian Ralph found "the best cook in the West" in New Orleans he had not made the acquaintance of the Sheriff of Wilkes County, Georgia. He did not, therefore, know of the succulent mysteries of that most popular of Southern institutions, a Georgia barbecue. The barbecue is one of the institutions of the South. To have known it means happiness; not to have known it means that a link in the chain of life has been lost.

The Sheriff of Wilkes is the patron saint of barbecue as it is known in Georgia. Just what are the duties of the Sheriff of that grand old county, which knew the Toombs, Crawfords, Alexander Stephens, and others of the famous families as her own, might to the outsider seem a little indistinct, for the principal function of the Sheriff of Wilkes under the present régime—and that régime dates back almost to that time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—consists in the creation of a dish which brings joy to the heart of the Georgian and his brother, whether born under sunny Southern skies or the more frigid zones of North-land.

The word "dish" is used in a metaphorical sense. The barbecue gets its name from the method of cooking the meats which form its principal substance. It is a pagan feast. Its home is in the woods, by some clear running brook, and when found upon its native heath such modern conveniences as knives and forks, tables and chairs, are not known. One of the exposition spots which the Northerners are sure to seek out is the shed near the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, over which this same Sheriff of Wilkes presides, and where, at all hours of the day, the good cheer which is so closely connected with his name is dispensed. The shed is rather a rough place, for the barbecue with the modern conveniences and the delicacies of Delmonico's would lose its flavor. The china-ware is old iron-stone variety, known principally for its thickness. You get knives and forks, it is true, and paper napkins, but the table at which you sit is innocent of linen. You order a dinner. There is brought before you a half-dozen kinds of meats, steaming hot, the aroma of which is most pleasing to the appetite if you have one to start on; and if you have none, it is sure to create one for you. Then there is a mysterious dish which the Sheriff calls stew, and pickles and bread and butter and a cup of not too good coffee is furnished "on the side." The stew is a concoction of many vegetables, and, for some reason not altogether clear even to its maker, bears the mysterious name of Brunswick. It is a necessary adjunct of the dinner, and when it is made sufficiently hot by a sufficient quantity of pungent peppers, it is indeed a rare appetizer.

It is, however, in the meats that the virtue of the barbecue lies. The consistency of these, after they have gone through the barbecuing process, is of that rare degree described only by the old-time phrase "They melt in your mouth," and the seasoning which comes through the basting process adds the aroma and taste which make you its slave forever.

To be initiated into the mysteries of barbecue methods is the desire of everybody who has enjoyed communion with the product.

To the back of the eating-house, therefore, we follow the massive Sheriff, until we come to the great roasting-pit. The Colonel—every Georgian is a Colonel—folds his arms with the pride of Alexander after his conquest of the world.

"That's the way we cook 'em," he says.

The scene is unique and picturesque. Above the pit is a box of dried leaves, which, with the fragrance of the hickory bark beneath the carcasses, mingles an aromatic odor with the smoke from the roasting meat. At the head of the pit is a great brick oven with three tremendous pots, such as were used for boiling the bacon and cabbage for the field hands in slavery days. Two of these pots are filled with water for cleaning and scalding the meat, and in the other is that barbecue stew for which every barbecue boss has his own particular receipt.

"How is it made?" we ask of the tall black negro boy who stands stirring the concoction with a long hickory pole.

He grins from ear to ear, and then begins to elucidate the matter, leaving us not much wiser than at first.

"Well, yer see, yer jest takes de meat, de hog's haid, an' de libbers, an' all sorts er little nice parts, an' yer chops it up wid corn an' permattuses, an' injuns an' green peppers, an' yer stews an' stews tell hit all gits erlike, an' yer kain't tell what hit's made uv."

"Turn dat pig over, an' put er little mo' fire under his back," says a big fat negro behind us, who, like the Georgia Colonel, looks as if he had been fed for a lifetime on barbecues.

Two men take hold of the clean hickory poles that are run through the crisp carcass, give them a turn, and the pig's back begins to frizzle.

"Lor', chile, hit makes me honkery ter see dat meat!" says a fat old negro cook, as she stands watching the performance with her arms akimbo. "Hit seems like pig an' 'possum is jes made fur fat niggers," and she gives a laugh as oily and jolly as her round black face.

In a big pot to one side of the pit a half-grown negro boy is ladling out the gravy to the waiters, who come with plates full of carved meats. He is the thorough type of that regular country darky who in his childhood wears one shirt all summer, and supplements it in winter with a pair of trousers and one suspender. He croons a song to the measure of his dips into the gravy:

"An' we shell have some rabbit stew—
Chillun, chillun, foller me—
An' nice fried onions dipped in dew.
Halle—halle—halle—hallelujah!"

The darkies, gnawing barbecued bones on the outside, smack their lips in approbation of the refrain.

The singer of the company, however, is the great brawny black man whose duty it is to keep the fires burning in the coal-pit and to replenish the coals in the roasting-pit.

"He de leader in de singing on de boss's plantation," says the gravy-boy.

And one well might believe it, for like the notes of a great ebony organ arises his deep resonant voice, and so religious and solemn are his refrains that as he lifts the great logs into the pit one might fancy him some barbaric high priest feeding sacrificial fires:

"De sun went down in de purple extreme,
De moon changed inter glow,
Ef I git dar afore you do,
King Jesus dewilder me."

This is the curious refrain set to such splendid music. And after its solemn cadences comes something lively in a regular jig-time, and all the helpers, the roasters and stewers and gravy-makers, and even the bone-gnawers on the outer circle, put aside their occupation to pat their feet and hands and join the melody:

"Satan am er liar, hallelujah!
Drive old Satan away;
Drive 'im in de briar-patch, hallelujah!
Drive old Satan away."

The bright scintillant atmosphere grows jubilant with the melody, until one can fancy that every microbe is having more than his measure of fun in witnessing the rout of the devil.

Yes, the picture is one well worthy to keep within the memory, for the Georgia barbecue is one of the few remaining feasts of *ante bellum* days left to the present generation—a feast typical, indeed, of that lavishness of living peculiar to the old South—a lavishness not elegant perhaps, often barbaric, indeed, but proffered with the generosity and magnificence of monarchs.

The Georgia Sheriff will tell you all about how he begins and completes the preparation for his day's roast.

The roasting-pit is filled with live coals at daybreak, for just as the sun kindles a light in the sky do these black children of light and heat begin to kindle the fires for their feast. By seven o'clock the ground is hot through for several feet; then more coals are put on, and the carcasses are pierced through with clean hickory poles and laid across the pit. Their cooking refutes the old phrase that a watched pot never boils, because the meats are carefully tended during the entire time; for to make them crisp and tender without burning they must be turned every fifteen or twenty minutes.

All sorts of game are roasted over the pit—partridges, young wild turkeys, ducks, squirrels, and rabbits; and now that the winter season has come, the darkies have a 'possum supper for themselves every Saturday night. They stand greedily around and watch the roasting of the animal, which is sweeter to them than any other that lives. In the ashes they roast their sweet-potatoes, and when it is all done and they sit there jabbering amid their crude surroundings, the firelight falling athwart their black faces and gay garments, a visitor to the exposition might well fancy himself at the feast of an African king.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

AMATEUR SPORT

Owing to Election day falling upon one of the WEEKLY'S *regular printing days, this Department went to press Saturday morning, November 2d.*

THE SUPPRESSED POOL-ROOM-KEEPER'S recent attempt in New York city to stop racing on the grounds of the Westchester Association served to bring vividly before the public the great progress made this year in turf management. It emphasized how much of the past is the day of the race-track gambler, and gave promise of racing hereafter and finally, existing as the sport of sportsmen, and not the tool of "sporting" men. Last April Messrs. August Belmont and E. D. Morgan were instrumental in the passing of a new law which killed this racing parasite, and ever since he has labored to harass the sponsors of honest sport. That these pool-room harpies were able to secure the arrest of the Morris Park officials last week was incredible, but the final result has been a decisive victory in the courts for the Jockey Club, and the establishment of the new law's validity.

This means an end to the persecution these men have maintained since April last in their efforts to force Messrs. August Belmont, A. J. Cassatt, J. O. Donner, James Galway, Pierre Lorillard, William P. Thompson, and Francis Beard to make terms with the race-track gamblers of the Eastern States. These gamblers have held that the new racing law was unconstitutional, and had threatened to test its merits in the courts unless permitted to violate the law by establishing pool-rooms and by obtaining racing returns from the tracks. The contest is now at an end, and, with the Jockey Club triumphant, the development of racing as a genuine sport, and not as a business for gamblers, will be rapid.

RACING IN THE EASTERN STATES has for several years been going backward in popular favor. The predominance of stockholders whose greatest, even sole, interest lay in the "books" rather than in the horses, alienated people high in the social and financial life of the community who formerly were the turf's most earnest patrons. The fraudulent racing, attended by wholesale gambling, at the Clifton, Guttenberg, and Brighton tracks disgusted sportsmen and all honest people, and practically killed the sport in the East. But this year, thanks to the untiring efforts of the new Jockey Club, there has been a distinct gain for the better, while the assurance of a newer and higher development of the turf will bring into racing men of large fortune, to whom the winning of stakes and purses are the mere incidents of the sport. The State Racing Commission, composed of Messrs. E. D. Morgan, John Sanford, and August Belmont, will license no track east of the Alleghanies unless its stockholders are men above suspicion, and the Jockey Club is represented at their meeting by a professional steward.

THE ABSENCE OF BOOK-MAKERS, of the Paris Mutuel machines, and of all appliances for professional gambling has driven out of the business of racing many of the small horse-owners and ninety per cent. of the professional gamblers. In their stead are such men as Messrs. J. O. Donner, with an immense breeding farm at Ramapo, New Jersey, William P. Thompson, master of the Brookdale stud, Edward Kelly, son of the banker, and a successful breeder of race-horses, Francis Beard, who has invested this year $250,000 in racing stock, Oliver Perry Belmont, J. E. Kittson, David Hennen Morris, Oliver H. Payne, James R. Keene, Foxhall Keene, William H. Forbes, Marcus Daly, J. J. Ruppert, J. E. Seagrim, Charles H. Smith, John Hunter, A. J. Cassatt, Senator Wetmore, General Benjamin F. Tracy, Hon. John Sanford, Milton Young, Charles Reed, Gideon Lee Knapp, James Galway, and J. E. Madden, a majority of whom are not only owners but breeders of race-horses.

These gentlemen are upon the turf purely in the interest of clean sport, and with the management of racing entirely in their hands, by virtue of the power vested in the Jockey Club, have set to work to drive out of racing men who purchase a horse or two for the purpose of earning a livelihood, and who nine times in ten attempt to earn that livelihood fraudulently, or by leasing the running of the horse to a professional gambler. Many of these so-called horsemen are already upon the black-list of the Jockey Club. Under the new law they will not be licensed, and cannot race upon any track within the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club. Many jockeys have been retired also because of their bad reputations, and no fewer than forty trainers been refused licenses. Thus we see the opening of a new era in horse-racing.

THE JOCKEY CLUB'S PRESIDENT, August Belmont, and a member of the State Racing Commission, has gone valiantly to work to undo the harm of the last five years. He and other breeders—as, for instance, Mr. Cassatt of the Chesterbrook stud, Mr. Galway of the Preakness stud, Mr. Thompson of the Brookdale stud, and Mr. Donner of the Ramapo farm—have subscribed money to make certain the financial success of stakes which have been arranged solely in the interests of breeders. Next year the Coney Island Jockey Club, the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and the Westchester Racing Association will have a series of rich stakes, and there will be added money in purses aggregating a total of more than $1,000,000. The Futurity of 1896 will have a money value of $40,000. Special stakes will be arranged for the Westchester Association, ranging in value from $5000 to $30,000. Every legitimate effort will be made to promote the development of the thorough-bred horse, and there is every reason for confidence in the re-establishment of racing on sportsman lines, and of its consequent return to social favor. Twenty years ago—as a matter of fact, twelve years ago—fashion was represented at Jerome and Mon-

(Continued on page 1075.)

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Legal Notices.

Department of Street Cleaning,
No. 32 Chambers St., New York, October 29, 1895.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT the office of the Department of Street Cleaning, No. 32 Chambers Street, for receiving and finally disposing of all ashes, garbage, sweepings, and other refuse delivered at the various dumps or dumping places of the Department by the carts of the Department and all other carts duly authorized to collect the same, until 12 o'clock M. of Tuesday December 10, 1895.

Forms of proposals, specifications, and contract may be had at the office of the Department.

GEO. E. WARING, Jr.,
Commissioner of Street Cleaning.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing on the 22d day of October, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following avenue, and street, in the following Wards:

Twelfth Ward: Naegle Avenue between Kingsbridge Road and Tenth Avenue.

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, October 24, 1895.

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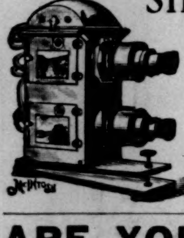

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,

With the number for November, 1895, celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a number of great beauty and interest, beginning the use of new paper and a new font of type. In this issue are first chapters of

The New Novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

All serial rights in this novel, for America and England, have been secured by *The Century.* The "Anniversary Number" contains also:

A New Story by Bret Harte.

"THE ARMENIAN QUESTION,"
By Hon. James Bryce, M. P.

"THE ISSUES OF 1896":
The Republican View, by Hon. Theo. Roosevelt.
The Democratic View, by Hon. Wm. E. Russell.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

"The Painter Vibert," by himself; "Robert Louis Stevenson, and His Writing," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Mural Decoration in America," with illustrations by La Farge, Sargent, Abbey, Simmons, and Dewing; a superb frontispiece from Titian, engraved by Cole, etc.

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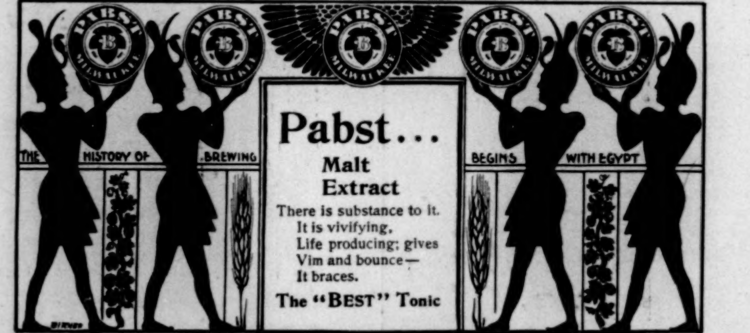
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AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page 1073.*)

mouth parks. The gamblers had not then infested the turf. Book-making was not a factor in racing, and pool-selling had not been carried to scandalous extremes. Now that the Percy-Gray law prohibits gambling of every sort, the people who love genuine horse-racing are sure to return to the turf, and a general revival of interest is certain to set in.

NOR WILL OUR BREEDERS stop here in their development of racing. In the next two years they will invade England in an attempt to carry off some of the old country's classic stakes. Mr. Pierre Lorillard will race in England and France during the next three years, and with a stable of which Americans may with good reason be proud. Mr. James R. Keene will send over a number of youngsters to try for the two or three year old stakes in England, and it is not improbable that Mr. August Belmont will send Henry of Navarre across the water to test his ability with the best handicap horses in all England. Should our horses add English to their American triumphs the awakening interest is certain to be strengthened.

The formal end of the season in this State came on November 5th, at Morris Park. Before racing is resumed next April conditions will be laid down by the State Racing Commission which will exclude from the tracks all those that have at any time endeavored to lower the tone of the sport. In fact, there is to be such a policy inaugurated as will convince the public of the Jockey Club's and of the Commission's determination to promote honest racing and encourage the development of the great breeding interests of the country. It is even said that not fewer than twenty gentlemen well known in the social and financial life of the country will go upon the turf next year, with small but select stables of horses, and every effort will be made to make the American turf worthy the country it represents.

THE MASQUERADING OF CLASS B MEN seems at last to have aroused opposition from the better element of the League of American Wheelmen. At the National Assembly which will be held at Baltimore early during February the question of determining upon a policy towards the racing class will be brought up for discussion. One of the most prominent officials in the L. A. W.—in fact, no less a person than Chief-Counsel I. B. Potter—has had the courage to deliver himself of the following sentiments:

> "Nine-tenths of the League members care practically nothing for racing. No one joins on account of racing. What brings in new members? Why, the movement for good roads, the advantages of special hotel rates, free guide-books, maps, sign-boards, and other matters incidental to touring. It is for these that the League exists, and it is only because of these that it is able to exist. If it attended solely to the affairs mentioned it would have enough to do. As it is now, the League is made to centre about a feature which is of consequence to but a tithe of its members, and, as a matter of fact, this keeps many from joining. Wheelmen, when approached on the subject of membership, declare that they do not care to join, because they take no part in racing affairs, and therefore can derive no benefit. The League is not a sporting organization; at least it never was designed to be such, and should not be made one. By devoting itself to the government of racing it has been turned from its true purpose. By its rulings on the professional and amateur questions it has, moreover, been a burlesque as an organization of amateurs."

We commend Mr. Potter's honesty of expression, even though it comes rather a day after the fair. He might have done so much for the cause had he stood up for the right long ago. There is no question that every man who is at all acquainted with the present condition of bicycle-racing knows in just how dishonest a manner this professional class has been maintained.

ITS STATUS HAS BEEN SO FULLY DISCUSSED in this department at one time or another that there is nothing to be added nor to be achieved by reiterating sentiments with which all our readers are pretty familiar by this time. But I give space to this quotation from Mr. Potter, as showing the intimate knowledge possessed by the chief L. A. W. officials of the true inwardness and thorough viciousness of the situation. There seems to be no inclination whatsoever by the L. A. W. to deny the existence of this evil. The only question the L. A. W. appear to believe worthy of serious consideration is that of "policy." They are not quite certain whether to purge their racing ranks would be good or bad "policy"; they fear the manufacturers might be displeased at the professionalizing of their hireling racers, who now pose as Class B amateurs by the grace and because of the cowardice of the L. A. W.

As I have said before, this matter will settle itself in time, despite the harmful indifference of the association, which ought to and could have spared it the present scandal. The unwholesome rivalry in racing, the avarice of riders, the jealousy of manufacturers, are all tending to hurry on the issue. But it is rather disappointing that reform comes in spite of rather than because of the L. A. W.'s efforts, and remarkable that a league of 30,000 members, not a hundredth part of whom have any close connection with or interest in this racing, should tolerate its being made the medium through which all this deceit is foisted upon the public.

We commend also the action of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association in refusing to recognize Class B men as amateurs. The Canadian Association is rather tardy in its reform; better late than never, however.

THE CRESCENT A. C.-ORANGE A. C. football match will be played at Eastern Park on the 16th, after which there will be counter-charges of professionalism, newspaper recrimination, a wordy war, and, if I mistake not, a wholesome protest in each of the clubs by the sportsmen whose hearts must have sickened over the knowledge of the means employed this year to get a winning eleven. What a pity the Crescent A. C. should have soiled the honorable name its dozen years of sportsmanly and honestly conducted football earned it! We must naturally conclude the tone of its membership, certainly of its governors, has not kept pace with the club's architectural advancement, else the present system of "attaching" players would not have been tolerated. We do not know so much of the Orange club, but had hitherto supposed its membership drawn from the best element.

These two clubs combine to make the American Football Union; there are no other members. Thank Heaven for that! The Union was amateur when it began life; it has fallen into unwholesome and dishonest habits of late. Worse still, it has no shame. Recently efforts were making to hold the match in New York on Thanksgiving; not that the more sportsmen might view a skilful contest, but because the clubs needed money, because of the great expense they had been put to this year—*i. e.*, in gathering and supporting this aggregation of players.

THE DISREGARD FOR SPORTING ETHICS by this Union is simply deplorable. First of all, there is a rule which permits of the playing of a man who has received money for coaching. That, to begin with, opens the door to professionals. Then there is a cup offered for competition between the two clubs, and this has incited them to a heated rivalry, somewhat resembling that old and vicious war for points between the Manhattan Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club, which wrecked the M. A. C. and disgraced American athletics.

This year there has been a scouring of the country for players. Orange has secured, among others, Wharton, the old Penn. guard, Stillman, ex-Yale centre, and two backs from Brown. The Crescents have attached King, ex-Princeton, Ohl, ex-Cornell, and one or two other ex-college stars. In other words, each club has engaged to fight for this cup a band of gladiators, who, to a large extent, in no way are representative of the club, and whose sporting ethics must be viewed with suspicion.

CLUB FOOTBALL IS GOING precisely the way club baseball went. Five years ago there was such a thing as amateur baseball in and about New York. At that time a number of clubs—the New Jersey, Englewood, Staten Island, and several others—played honest amateur baseball. Gentlemen membered the nines, gentlemen and ladies watched the play, and the games attracted the best element in the neighborhood, and furnished some of the most interesting sport of the year. Then club governors forsook the standard of sport for the game's sake, and raised instead sport for the sake of winning. The sportsman was dethroned, and the "sporting" man reigned in his place. Club managers began to go outside for players. First they hired pitchers; then they added hired catchers; then masquerading amateurs began stealing into other positions on the nine, until finally, when that element ruled both on the players' bench and in the grand stand, the gentlemen who had first played and the ladies who had looked upon them withdrew their attendance, and baseball amateur, so called, died, and has never come to life since.

That is the history in brief of club "amateur" baseball. Club "amateur" football is going the same way, and the Crescent Athletic Club, which prides itself upon the quality of its membership, and the Orange Athletic Club, that claims representation of cultured Orange, are responsible for its impending fate.

The corruption of club football and the fall of club baseball at least carry a strong lesson to the universities. No college athlete should be permitted to perform on a club team so long as he is a student.

NOT MUCH HAS BEEN HEARD of the Naval Cadets on the gridiron this season, but they must not be supposed to be doing nothing in football on that account. The Academy, unfortunately, is so situated, geographically, that it is difficult for large teams to visit there. Harvard, Yale, and the New England colleges are all too far away. Every effort was made this year by the Cadets to get on a game with Princeton, but as yet to no effect, although there yet remains a possibility of success.

Pennsylvania scheduled a game with Annapolis, and so did Dartmouth, and both, but only recently, cancelled their dates. The games Annapolis has played have been with the strongest teams which could be induced to make the journey to the Academy. West Point has been luckier; their proximity to larger colleges and the more ready accessibility of their campus have enabled them to make up a strong schedule. Annapolis is too far South—too far off the highroad. Nevertheless, the Naval Cadets worked persistently, and under the coaching of McClung, ex-quarter-back of Lehigh, have shown considerable improvement. The team is rather light as compared with that of West Point; so it was two years ago when it defeated West Point, but Annapolis has not in its football career reached such a degree of excellence in its work. They play with snap, with the same heady determination that won for them in '93, and works their plays with greater precision or plays a faster game.

AS TO THE INDIVIDUALS, McCauley is captain, and the left end who has played for four years on the team, twice against West Point. He is an excellent all-round man and a good general. Craven, at right end, is strong and fast, like his captain is a sure tackle, and both any college would be glad to have. Kimball, who played at half-back for two years, and scored the touch-down against West Point, has grown much heavier, and is now at right tackle. Castleman, left tackle, is about as good, both in the line and running with the ball. Halligan, at left guard, is another old player, and a good one. Behind the line Annapolis is strong. Henry, at full-back, is a good punter, and both he and Williams at half are very fast. Powell, the other half-back, is slow, but a strong ground-gainer.

Annapolis has beaten, among others, the Franklin and Marshall College, 68–0; Carlisle Indian School, 34–0. Some idea of the cadets' strength may be had by noting that Pennsylvania scored but 40 points against Franklin and Marshall, and 36 against the Indians. It is too bad indeed that a narrow visioned administration precludes an annual game between West Point and Annapolis. As it stands now, of the four matches they have played Annapolis has won three.

CERTAINLY THESE TWO NATIONAL ACADEMY teams have gained a most honorable position in college football and in college athletics by fairest and most honest methods. Theirs has been the *mens sana in corpore sano* system.

Here are two institutions whose combined number of cadets do not equal one-half the number of students at any one of our universities, though the cadets, of course, are picked men physically. But these West Point and Annapolis cadets have grown, in six years, from utter ignorance of the game, to rank of the first-class, and they have developed their game—

Without gate money.

Without losing any time from prescribed college work.

Without a suspicion of offering inducements to players to "take a course" at the Academy.

They play a wonderfully clean, gentlemanly, forceful game, and it is recreation, not the serious business of a profession. It is an object-lesson in honest, manly, strenuous sport for sport's sake.

All honor to the cadets.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-BROWN GAME on the 30th has furnished additional evidence of the way in which minor teams are coming up. The Providence men were not good enough to score on U. of P., nor was Penn.'s goal ever threatened; but beside playing a hard, fast, and aggressive game Brown showed that special instinct which all old players know so well, and which used to be the characteristic of the few "big" elevens, for taking advantage of her own strength and her opponent's mistakes. In the first half, Brooke's try at goal from the field having failed from lack of direction, and a second try being spoiled by the wind, Brown had the satisfaction of keeping Pennsylvania from scoring more than twelve points. But Brown's defence was strong throughout. She repeatedly stopped U. of P.'s guard interference by getting down in front of it, and her ends did capital work. On offence, too, she was very dangerous, her end interference forming rapidly and well. Fake kicks were cleverly worked, and her punting was strong. The bad feature of Brown's play is its disputatiousness, and such tricks as knocking the ball out of the hands of a man who is quietly touching it down are very bad form. Brown must refine some of her play and make a better choice of umpires if our confidence in her wish to play good football is to be retained.

PENNSYLVANIA, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS LISTLESS, the play of the line ragged, and Brown was repeatedly allowed to gain whenever the ball was hers on a first down. The backs ran tamely, the tackling was weak and high, the men did not help each other, and fumbles were frequent. The fact is a slump in Pennsylvania's playing has been expected, and it appears to have arrived. Not only did the team strike its gait too soon, but the practice has been very hard, and the schedule has proved much tougher than was expected—due to the general spread of football science. In all-round play the U. of P. has not advanced a whit since the Virginia game, while in dash there has been a steady falling off. At the same time the men are more overworked than overtrained, and a general distribution of bruises is enough to account for the present slackness.

But two or three of the cripples, notably Wharton and Brooke, will have to be brought well into shape, and the youngsters on the ends must be spared a little, or Harvard will be in the better shape of the two universities when they meet. The policy of starting strong and playing for records will not answer in the present condition of the game, nor can the big teams any longer play two games a week against eager and well-trained minor clubs without losing mettle.

After Pennsylvania's open play earlier in the season it was a disappointment to see the Trenton guard interference used against Brown. Whether this play starts before the ball or not, it is a play which depends less on skill than on weight, and as such is to be deprecated.

PENNSYLVANIA'S ATHLETIC STEPS IN the last two or three years have been progressive, but if the "new era" of rowing which is reported about to set in becomes a reality, it will be viewed more in the light of retrogression. Such a movement reads like studied ignorance of past experience, and an embarkation on experiments which never did any good for Pennsylvania, and kept Harvard rowing topsy-turvy for the last half-dozen years. Pennsylvania's rowing men are showing the old Harvard impatience under defeat, and desire for any new policy that will lead to victory. Harvard realized eventually the futility of chasing a winning fetich. And so will Pennsylvania, if she seeks short-cuts to success on the water.

It is rather incomprehensible that Pennsylvania and Harvard and others do not grasp the reason of Yale's splendid success. There was a time when Yale went through these vacillating experiences, when they forsook the substance for the shadow, when they tried one system one year and threw it overboard with disgust for another the following year. After sounding the shallowness of several different systems, they finally recognized the only practicable stroke for a four-mile race, inaugurated a system which would most thoroughly drill their crews in this stroke, and have never departed from it from that day to this. As a result they have developed a style of stroke, perfected a system of instruction, and graduated a school of coachers that are able to return and coach the men after the one accepted method.

PENNSYLVANIA HAS NEVER had any rowing instruction which could be dignified as a system until last year. The stroke they formerly pulled was a parody on what is generally accepted in England and here to be the most effective for distance rowing. Last year, for the first time, they employed a graduate of the Yale system, and now, because they did not win on the first attempt, a vote in the university has virtually declared the venture a "flat failure," and 60 per cent. want to return to the old method. It is very strange. Any Pennsylvanian who could find fault with the crew that represented U. of P. last season would be hypercritical indeed. It did not win, but it showed better form than any other Penn. crew has, and that is something. Some one must lose, and I suppose, according to this recently exploited Penn. idea, those that do not win must each year, on defeat, throw over their system and try another. Here is another illustration of that feverish frenzy for winning which seems to possess us. Another illustration of the unappreciativeness of sport for the sake of the game rather than sport for sake of the mere victory.

YALE AND HARVARD AND PRINCETON are all showing the highest development of their this season's game on Saturday (November 2d) while we are on the press, but up to the date of this writing Harvard has perfected her offensive play until it has reached a very telling point. And Princeton has greatly improved in this feature, though not to such a degree as Harvard.

As for Yale, there is one point about the Blue worth noting, which is that in spite of her low scores the team is gradually working into shape, and will be, so far as can be seen now, virtually as good as last year when it meets Princeton on the 23d.

FROM PRESENT INDICATIONS Dartmouth and Williams will battle for the championship of the New England League, and Dartmouth's chances for winning seem excellent. Amherst appears to be weaker in all respects than her two rivals. Dartmouth started the season with seven of her last year's team, and the men filling the four vacancies promising. Williams and Amherst are not yet up to their last year's form, though they will probably be about as strong when their new men get broken in. The class of football played by this league has improved generally and individually. In the games thus far Dartmouth has shown the best defensive and Williams the best offensive play, though Williams's ground-gaining is done mostly by Draper, her full back.

Unless Williams improves her defence, Dartmouth will score at will, though Draper will probably get over the line at least once. Draper is the best individual player in the league, and is a full-back of no little merit. As a ground-gainer by kicking or running he is very strong. Captain Hickey and Street are both good men, and on these three Williams places her hopes.

Amherst has played a hard schedule, and her new men are getting the best of experience, but she seems to have no ground-gainers. Her defence is good, and Tyler at right tackle is the main-stay of the team.

LAFAYETTE IS PLAYING RATHER STRONGER and a better game than Lehigh. This may be accounted for by Lehigh having no regular coach this season, though she has the material for the better team.

Judged by her games with Princeton and Pennsylvania, the University of Virginia seems to have made very little progress over last year, if, indeed, her game is as good. Wesleyan, since she dropped out of the big league, has gone steadily down, and now finds herself below the middle of the second class.

Union is making a persistent fight to become recognized. She is the best of the northern New York teams—except, of course, Cornell—and always has an excellent practice schedule. She has a heavy, strong team, but her play is not generally scientific.

In the South the universities of North Carolina and Georgia have opened the season with a close match, which showed great improvement in Southern football, and was won by North Carolina, 6-0. Besides being so closely matched in skill, the teams were about equal in weight, the lines averaging 175 pounds. The winners were coached by Trenchard, ex-Princeton, and Georgia by Warner, ex-Cornell.

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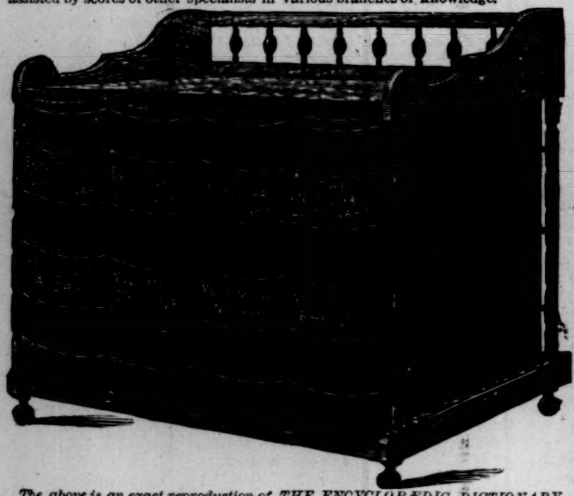

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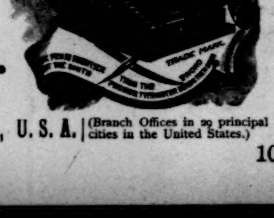

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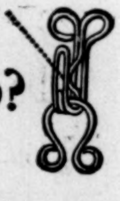

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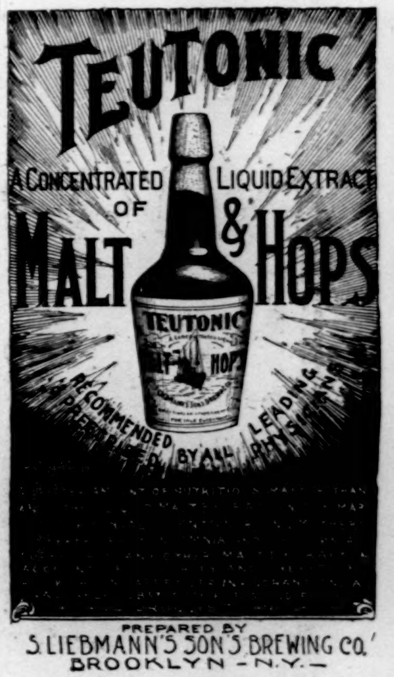

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